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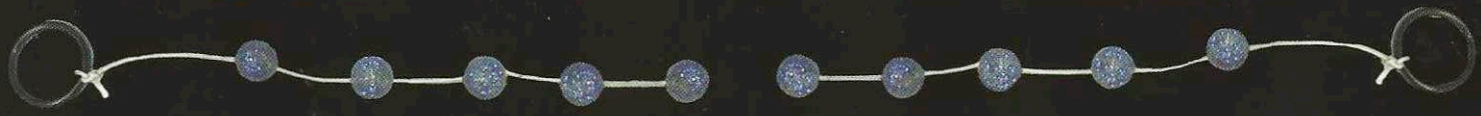

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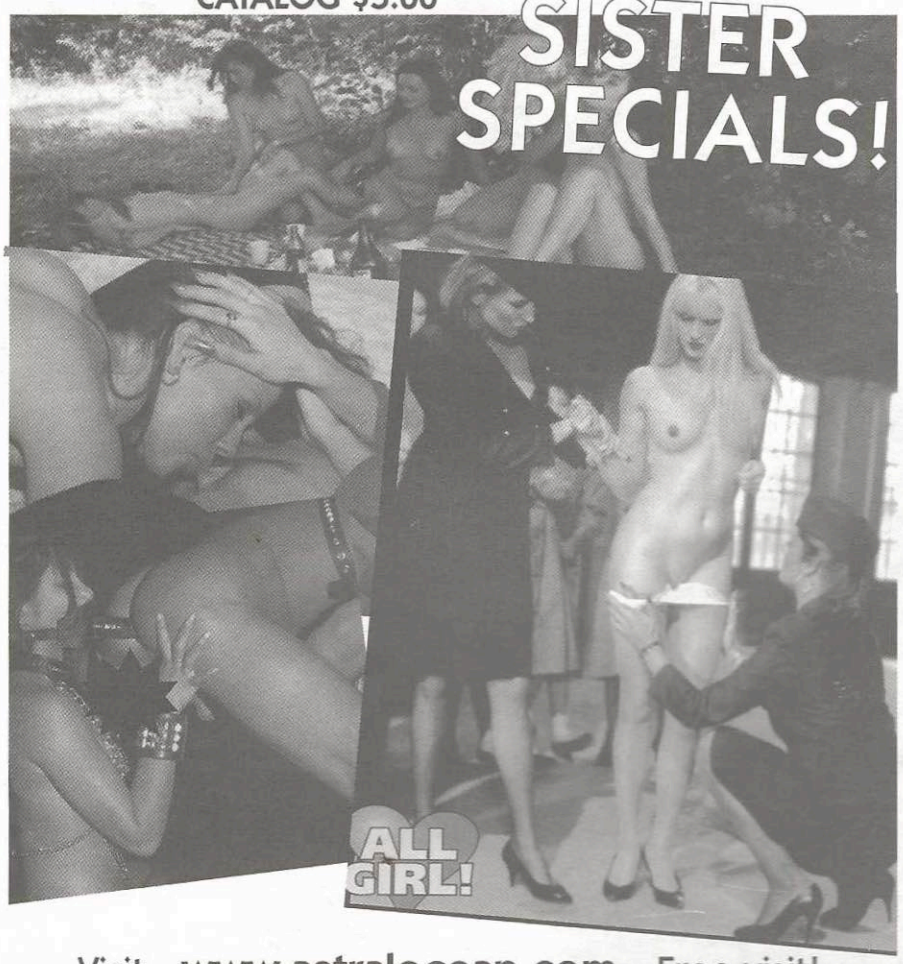

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OnOurBacks

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

Volume 14, Issue 4

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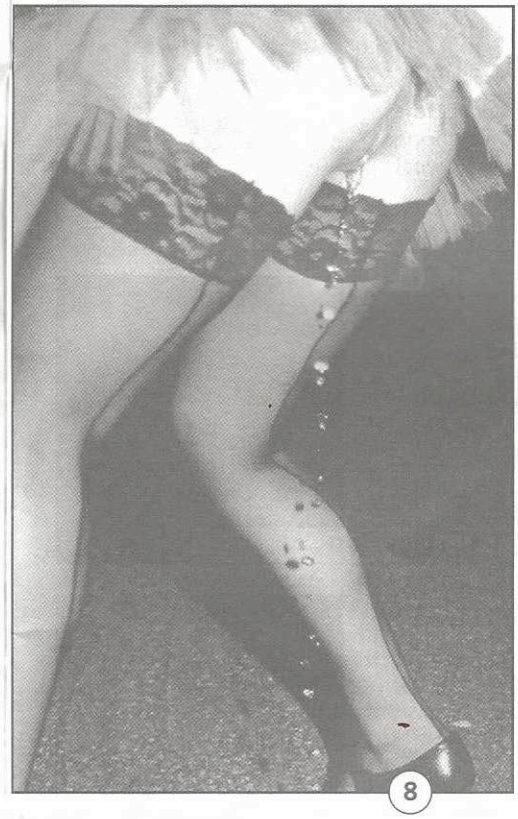
On Our Backs
THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

December/January 2000
Volume 14, Issue 4

On the cover: Tan gets a taste of Anna.
By Michele Serchuk



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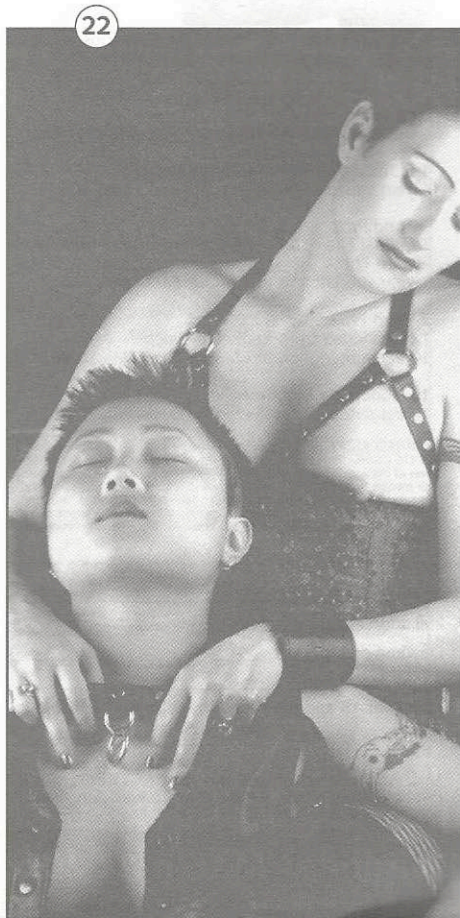

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CONTEST RULES: Winning photos will be printed in an upcoming issue of *On Our Backs* Magazine. We will return your submission and notify you of the winners by April 1, 2000. We cannot print actual penetration; all models must be 18 or over. Black-and-white prints only; no digital images accepted. We encourage you to take photos of more than one woman (couples or threesomes or more); women of different sizes; ages; and ability. Realistic, fantastic, butch-butch, femme-femme—we like it all!

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Deadline: March 1, 2000

contributors

Compiled by Lindsay McClune

Tracy Bartlett

Tracy Bartlett (a.k.a. Wilhelmina Moosepunch), the author of our "How-To: Kiss Like a Pro" (page 46), is a sex educator who presents a variety of rowdy sex workshops around the country, including one on kissing. Her business, Erotic Frolic, produces the Sex Question Cards game and nylon/fleece restraints. Sidelines include being a "dirtbag dude ranch psychic social director, tiger trainer, dominatrix, notary public, and poodle groomer." She is a good teacher and a bad girl.

Peggy Munson

Peggy Munson says that the trip that inspired her story "The Long Parallel Tracks" (page 38) was long and tedious, but admits to a passion for train travel. "I believe that slowing down, being observant, and noticing details from the ground up really is what makes good sex good." She was born in 1968 in Normal, Illinois and her work has appeared in *Best Lesbian Erotica, Perceiving the Elephant, and Hers3: Brilliant New Fiction by Lesbian Writers*. She is currently editing a collection of writings on the Chronic Fatigue Immune Dysfunction Syndrome epidemic entitled *Stricken: Voices from a Hidden Epidemic*. She's also learning to play electric guitar.

Cecilia Tan

"I get my thing for band uniforms from several years playing the sousaphone in a marching band," says **Cecilia Tan** ("Esprit de Corps," page 30). Cecilia is the author of *Black Feathers: Erotic Dreams* and the publisher/editor of numerous erotic science fiction and fantasy anthologies for Circlet Press, including *Stars Inside Her: Lesbian Erotic Fantasy*. Her stories have appeared in *Herotica*, *Best American Erotica*, *Best Lesbian Erotica*, and many other anthologies and magazines including both *Ms.* and *Penthouse*. She is at work on her next erotic book, *The Book of Want*.

Michele Serchuk

Photographer **Michele Serchuk** knew that she wanted to shoot Tan and Anna (page 22) the first time that she met them. "Since they are a naturally affectionate couple and were playing roles that were real to them—that is, Anna as the femme dom and Tan as her submissive butch—the energy between them was really exciting." Serchuk's work has appeared in *Libido*, *Pucker Up*, *Bad Attitude*, *Paramour*, and *Masquerade*.

Diane Anderson-Minshall

"I've interviewed far more celebrities than pornographers, but it's the latter I can't get off my mind," says **Diane Anderson-Minshall.** She researched x-rated Web sites on her wife's boss's computer for her feature on child porn (page 28), not realizing that it would stay in the computer for three days. "Fortunately, my wife's boss didn't come back for a week and she was able to clean up the cache before he came back." The former executive editor of *Girlfriends* magazine, Diane has had work in dozens of publications including *Film Threat*, *Film Ink*, *Femme Fatale*, *Teenage Pacific Sun*, *American Forests*, *Diva*, and *Deneuve*.

Phyllis Christopher

When asked about the orgy shoot (page 32), **Phyllis Christopher** said that it went so well, she actually forgot to take pictures at first. As a result, she had to ask the models to drag fellow model Kira on the floor three times. A former photo editor for **On Our Backs**, Christopher currently has an exhibit of photos of women peeing in public (see page 8) on display at Good Vibrations in San Francisco until the end of December, when it will relocate to the the Lexington Club.

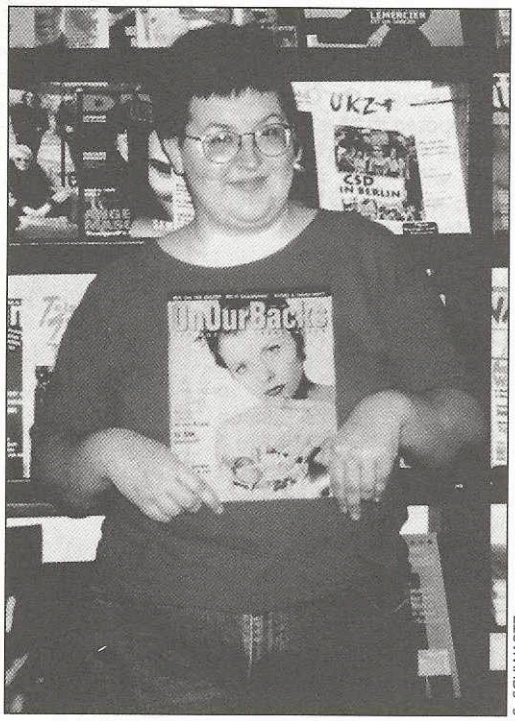
MICHELE SERCHUK BY J.R. LINDHOM / PEGGY MUNSON BY MEL BLARDO / PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER BY LISSA IVY

from the editor in chief

Welcome to the new, oversexed millennium of **On Our Backs**.

By this I mean several things. First, come Y2K, **On Our Backs** will enjoy its second year of care under its new publisher, the dykes in shining armor who resurrected the magazine that, way back in 1984, drove the first stake into the heart of lesbian political correctness. Already **On Our Backs** is delivering delicious magazines to twice as many dykes, selling twice the number of ads to sex-positive entrepreneurs, and generally showing twice the clitzpah of its older incarnation. I can say without bravado that, in the second millennium, more women are having sex with other women more often and in a lot more positions—thanks to the magazine you hold in your hands. Or hand.

It will be a new millennium for **On Our Backs**, but I think also the new millennium will be "of" **On Our Backs**. This brings me to my second point: I really believe that the years 2000—for queers and straights alike—will be infused with the liberated, desirous spirit that **On Our Backs** ushered into the lesbian community in the 1980s. In the next century, nobody will ask, "What do women do in bed together?" Quite the opposite: everyone will be trying to live up to what women do in bed together. Straight women will be fisting, het boys getting butt-fucked, swinging wives cross-dressing (maybe even taking hormones!), matrons jilling off with vibrators—even gay guys will be talking about their feelings. (Just kidding about that last one.)



S. SCHWARTZ

Our associate editor Lori finds a touch of home, at Berlin's Prinz Eisenherz Bookstore.

Third, it will be a new, oversexed millennium for **On Our Backs** because (surprise, surprise) the magazine will be run by a new editor. When Athena Douris left the magazine last summer to be *FHM*'s "crazy new lesbian sex columnist," we looked all over for the best lesbian pornographer in the country to head the best lesbian porno magazine in the world. We're proud to say we found Tristan Taormino, courted her, and bagged her. You probably know this spitfire from her steamy *Best Lesbian Erotica* series (not to mention her regular sex column in *The Village Voice* and her bestselling book, *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women*). We're excited professionally, but you all should be creaming your pants: Tristan's work is as hot as she is, and she's going to take this magazine beyond your wildest wet dreams.

In the meantime, I have the bittersweet job of saying a fond farewell to associate editor Lori Selke, who assisted Athena throughout **On Our Backs**' successful relaunch. She'll be pursuing her freelancing career as well as taking over as features editor at scarletletters.com, where she'll work the perverted magic that she did here for over a year. Lori pretty much produced this whole issue (especially the wild orgy pictorial starting on page 32); wrote some of our most popular features (including our Cheers and Jeers section and the feature "Is SM Dead?", June/July 1999); and generally entertained and educated us in the office every day.

The Athena-Lori team should really pat themselves on the back for **On Our Backs'** astounding three Vice Versa awards for excellence in the gay press. For an erotic magazine, we thought it was perversely wonderful that we received first place for Best Photo (you probably remember Peter daSilva's photo; it involved Frankie doing Dymond on the back hood of a Porsche, a shoot also codirected by Lori); first place for Best News Interview (Athena's interview with Barbara Smith); and second place for our "Celine and Sarah" cover by Romy Suskin we published last October.

Dedicate a toast and a fuck to them on New Years Eve,

Heather Findlay, editor in chief

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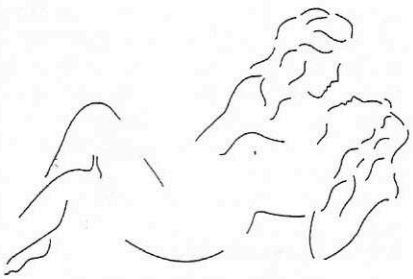

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letters

NAUGHTY NINA

I was surprised to read the advice from Nina Hartley (August/September 1999) regarding the "proper protocol for a bottom interested in playing with an obvious top." She advises kneeling in slave posture. There are several problems with this answer: A bottom is not necessarily a slave. A bottom isn't even necessarily a submissive. Furthermore, until there is an agreement to play it isn't really proper to kneel to someone, just as it isn't acceptable to top someone without an agreement. I'm not surprised that Nina doesn't realize this, but I am distressed that **On Our Backs** is printing this advice. Perhaps in the future Nina should send the SM questions to someone who understands the scene better.

Debbie Ann
San Francisco, California

MORE MASTURBATION

I enjoyed the masturbation photo in the "Alabama Buzz Bust" article (August/September 1999). *Please* more masturbation shots! We also really need some three-way photos, but please not the rape-looking dildo prison ones ("Cell Block 69"). How about three women who actually want each other in bed?

Susan
Clearwater, Florida

How about four women? Check out our orgy on page 32.

NO MORE HARDWARE

Just got the first issue of my birthday present subscription and my friends and I just wanted to say, we could do with a lot less penises/hardware. We like women. Yes, yes we do. If we desire, need, or crave a penis they are easy to find.

Sincerely,
Women for Fewer Penises
Via the Internet

ASS CRAZY

I really enjoyed the two coeds in the "Stealing Third Base" pictorial by Phyllis Christopher (August/September 1999). She was very lucky to have witnessed them making love. I can see why Lisbeth drove Alex crazy. She has a great body and especially nice ass.

Beth Wall
New Jersey

FAUX JOCKS

When **On Our Backs** was first resurrected, I was pretty excited, as the original was important to the development of my sexuality. Now I have done work for publications from the Playboy, Flynt, Swank, and High Society publishing powerhouses, but I am motivated to be involved in the alternative press because I want there to be a place for representations of real sexuality. It is why I started *Blue Blood* and I think it is why a lot of alternative press mags were started. So, what is up with making Lisbeth cover up her mohawk ("Ooooh Team!", August/ September 1999)? This is not a jock couple. That scenario is as hokey as anything I'd put together for *Barely Legal*. I thought **On Our Backs** was supposed to be a little more real than that. I hope **On Our Backs** will show more real couples really doing what they really do in the future.

Amelia G
Via the Internet

DON'T LIGHT MY FIRE

I was bothered by the piece giving advice on how to "safely" set a lover's skin on fire ("How To Play With Fire," August/September 1999). It seems to me that this is so obviously, intrinsically, and inescapably dangerous that to have an advice piece on it is irresponsible. Scars from burns are some of the most disfiguring types of scars. Should a wonderful magazine like **On Our Backs** make itself a party to such a possible tragedy?

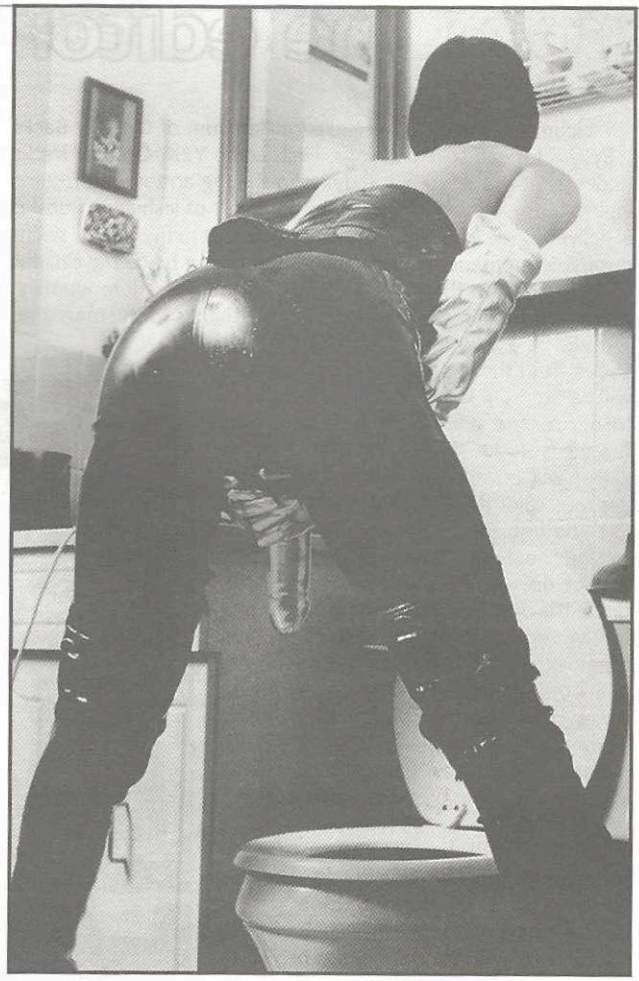
Denise
Via the Internet

If we felt it was intrinsically unsafe, we would not have run the article. Fire play is scary, and dangerous, but so is fisting, piercing, and a lot of other play dykes do. In fact, in some ways, fire play is safer than piercing or cutting, as it doesn't break the skin if done properly, just as it doesn't leave even a blister. One short article may not be enough to teach someone how to play with fire safely, but some information on how to get started and where to learn more is better than nothing at all. We certainly don't advocate everyone trying it! If you're not comfortable, respect that and stay away.

FAT CHICKS RULE

I opened the June/July issue and the first thing I saw was a fat woman making love to her girlfriend! I know you are going to get some letters from fat-phobic twits who don't want to see that. Well, this is my letter saying that I *do* want to see that, and so do a lot of other women. Thanks for having the guts to do what other magazines are scared to—not that this is the first time you have done something others wouldn't do though, eh?

Name Withheld
Via the Internet



LAURA GRAFF

BETTER, BUT NOT BEST

I had stopped buying **On Our Backs** with an issue dated January/February 1989. I still have the copy, wrinkled and dusty in my toy drawer. I spent the next 10 years avoiding your mag and the same damn ads for Fatale Video. Ten year passed me before I picked up your August/September 1999 issue. I do admit you have balls to print the interview with Susan Griffin, saying that pornography is self-hatred. The pictures following by Phyllis Christopher could hardly be described as porno, but honey, that centerfold! The baseball playing, clit licking young lesbians portrayed are anything but self-hating. Ten years later, I think **On Our Backs** has improved, but could stand more if it is going to live up to "the best of lesbian sex."

Susan Diane Rudin
San Mateo, California

TALK TO US SWEET, TALK TO US DIRTY. Send your letters via e-mail to letters@onourbacksmag.com, via fax to 415-648-4705, or write **On Our Backs** Magazine, 3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110.

GIVING GOLDEN SHOWERS

by Tristan Taormino

THE TRANNIE BOY WAS FLAGGING A YELLOW HANKY ON THE RIGHT. IN A HOTEL FULL OF KINKY GIRLS THERE FOR A CONFERENCE, THAT'S WHAT CAUGHT MY EYE. YOU SEE PLENTY OF HEAVY-SM-BLACK AND FISTING-RED AND DADDY-DARK-GREEN, BUT A BRIGHT CANARY YELLOW HANKY-THE COLOR OF GOLDEN SHOWERS-IS A RARITY. I WAS IN THE MOOD FOR A GOOD ADVENTURE, AND A HOT PISSING SCENE WOULD DO.

Sir Turino orchestrated the whole thing: Four of us would co-top the boy and his femme girlfriend. Each of us had various plans for the willing duo. Madame picked out a suitable pair of thigh-high, red vinyl boots she wanted the boy to polish with his tongue. Sir Turino busied herself with selecting various floggers, canes, and other torture devices with which to beat the two. Sir Red pushed her big, black dick into her tight briefs. I poured myself a nice, cool glass of water.

When I opened the door, they were in the hallway on their knees, each with a pack of cigarettes in their mouths for Sir Turino. The boy obviously had not had time to change clothes before the scene; he was wearing corduroy shorts and a plaid shirt. He looked fresh off the bus, like a camera belonged around his neck, so we decided to call him The Tourist. The girl had her long, shiny blond hair in two ponytails and a rhinestone collar like you'd put on a Lhasa Apso. We decided she was the Puppy.

The Tourist and the Puppy were told to address the two ladies in the room as, respectively, Madame (as in Muh-*dahm*) and Mistress Tristan (because it's so hard to say). I asked him to spell my name, and after he'd struggled with my last name, I didn't want him to forget. I grabbed Madame's dark plum lipstick, and told the Tourist to spread his legs. On his right thigh, I wrote the correct spelling; on his left thigh, I wrote it phonetically: TARA-MEAN-O. But as we teased and tormented him, the Tourist repeatedly confused me and Madame. That just would not do. The difference between Madame and Mistress Tristan was cleared up with a little breast worship and some smothering—Madame is a double D and I'm a B.

I sat back, took another long sip of water, and watched as Madame gave the Puppy a tail, a leash, and a bone. Every so often throughout the scene, I would exclaim loudly, "I am so thirsty!" and the other three tops would giggle and cackle. The Puppy and the Tourist both got spanked, paddled, flogged, and caned by Sir Turino and Sir Red. Sir Red also got her dick sucked by the Tourist, and, at my suggestion, both Sirs put their dicks in the Tourist's mouth at once. The Tourist was quite an accomplished cocksucker.

Of course there was more beating and teasing, but after a few hours I was antsy. Finally, we brought the Tourist into the bathroom, told him to strip to just his boots and lie in the tub. Sir Red balanced herself on the edges of one end of the tub; Sir Turino did the same on the other end. I stood in the tub directly over the Tourist. The deal was, I got the first shot.

This was the moment I had been waiting for: to have a willing boy beneath my feet, ready for me to pee on him. I told the Tourist to ask me for it. He said, "Please Mistress Tristan, spill your golden nectar on me." I spread my lips and let go. The urine spilled and splashed over his hungry body as he writhed and moaned. Sir Red and Sir Turino joined in, each holding her dick and peeing on the boy. Madame snapped a few shots with her camera for posterity.

Having a full bladder feels arousing and makes my clit hard. Being able to release that feeling of pressure is orgasmic in its own way. Spilling and sharing that bodily fluid with a lover is intense and intimate. When I can just let go of my inhibitions and anxieties, and do something I'm not supposed to do with another person, the taboo and forbidden nature makes it exciting and sexy. Peeing on someone can also be eroticized as an act of dominance, and that's what made it hot for me with the Tourist. It was a way of marking him, like a dog marks her territory. Because the Tourist was so into it, so willing to surrender, it was twice as hot to be above him, giving him exactly what he craved.

While the Puppy helped the Tourist shower and clean up, Sir Red fucked me on the bed, and Sir Turino fucked Madame right alongside us. When the two emerged from the bathroom, we positioned the Tourist underneath me, and Sir Red fucked me some more from behind. Then Sir Red fucked the Tourist. Then we all switched. I crawled underneath Madame while Sir Turino fucked her, and Sir Red fucked the Puppy who was on top of the Tourist. We were a pile of intertwined legs and arms and cunts and mouths and cocks and clits and tongues. We strapped the biggest dick we had—it's called "Man O' War"—to the Puppy, and she plowed Madame with it. At one point, I turned my head toward Madame who was moaning, "Oh, yeah. That's. A. Good. Puppy." Madame was so breathy and sexy, I could have come just from hearing her say it. A good Puppy, and a good Tourist indeed.

Every issue, Adventure Girl sets off for another sex-capade. Like to see her make your fantasy her reality? Write it down and send it to: **On Our Backs,** 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA, 94110; fax 415-648-4705; e-mail editorial@onourbacksmag.com

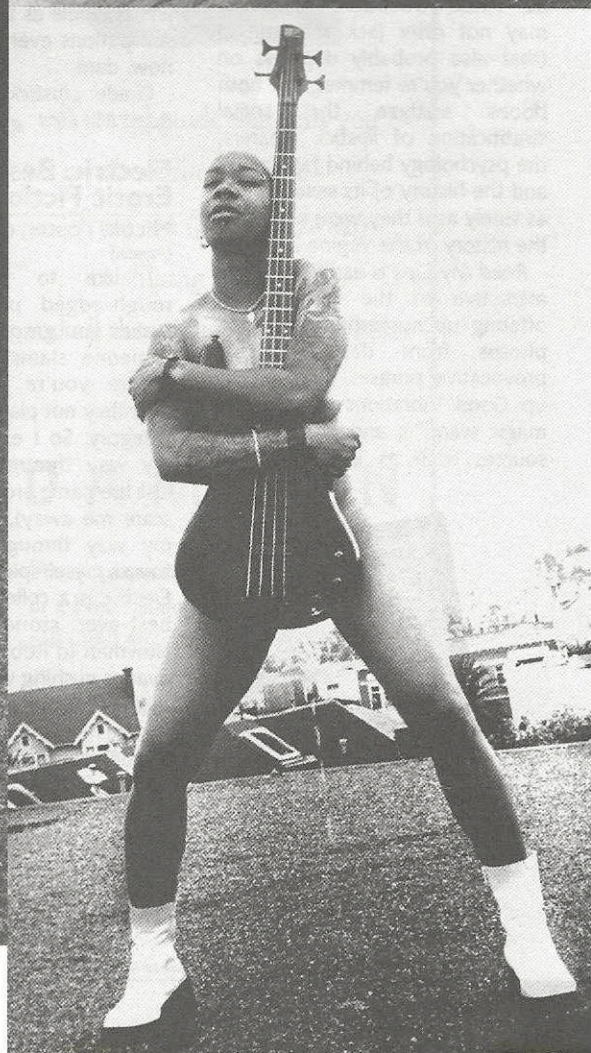
Illustration by Zanne Prudhomme

MARKING TERRITORY

Peeing in Public Places

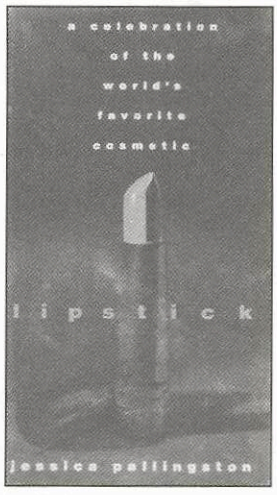
There's something challenging about a woman lifting her skirt to pee—in public, without shame.

Phyllis Christopher's photographs capture the exuberant spirit of these women who dare to break taboo and leave their mark on the landscape.
-l.s.



Photography by Phyllis Christopher

read it



Lipstick
by Jessica Pallingston
(St. Martin's Press)

Read My Lips: A Cultural History of Lipstick
by Meg Cohen Ragas and Karen Kozlowski
(Chronicle Books)

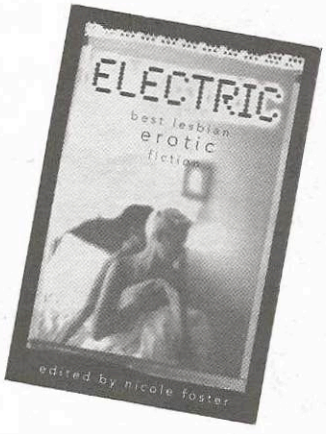
Any femme dyke will tell you that lipstick is a more important sexual aid than a dildo will ever be. These two books on lipstick may not offer jack-off material (that also probably depends on whether you're femme), but both books analyze the social stratification of lipstick wearers, the psychology behind face paint, and the history of its sexual allure as surely as if they were exploring the history of the vagina itself.

Read My Lips is easily the more attractive of the two books, offering up numerous red-lipped photos from decades past; provocative phrases that conjure up Good Vibrations ("purse-size magic wand"); and quotes from sources such as k.d. lang and other dykes, and theorists who liken painted mouths to the labia of an aroused woman. The authors discuss the war effort to keep lipstick sales high (with ads that likened democracy with lipstick use) and the use of lipstick on what they call the "faster femmes" of television and film.

Lipstick attempts to cover similar territory without the sexy Dr. Frankenfurter photos and *Butterfield 8* memories. Instead it relies on top egghead theories, including a charming amateur Freudian analysis of what a lipstick's shape says about its wearer. (Mine says I'm sensitive and prone to exaggeration, so who knows if it's true.)

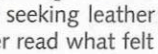
While the history is good (red ochre dates back to 24,000 B.C., apparently), the best part of *Lipstick* comes from its dozens of recipes for making the paint yourself. Some of them date back to ancient Egypt, while others—such as Crayola-crafted lipstick—smack of 20th-century ingenuity; the best, such as Heavenly Chocolate Gloss and Red Lollipop, are as edible as those lip smackin' sex potions everyone clamors for now. **dam**

Grade: *Lipstick*
Read My Lips



Electric: Best Lesbian Erotic Fiction
Nicole Foster, ed.
(Alyson)

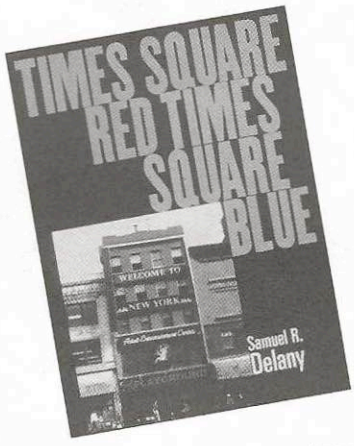
I like to read hardcore, rough-edged porn. Porn that makes you gasp for air, as when someone slams into you hard before you're ready. I would definitely not place *Electric* in that category. So I expected to yawn my way through it (sometimes just the name erotica is enough to scare me away), but as I wound my way through the stories, I found myself pleasantly aroused. *Electric* is a collection of Alyson's best-ever stories, from Leslea Newman to Robin Sweeney, from ovaries gushing with womonliness to dykes seeking leather daddies. I've never read what felt like such a comprehensive anthology of lesbian sex. I didn't necessarily cum (or want to) with each tale, but it sure did renew my faith in lesbian erotica. **lm**

Grade: 

Times Square Red, Times Square Blue
By Samuel R. Delany
(New York University Press)

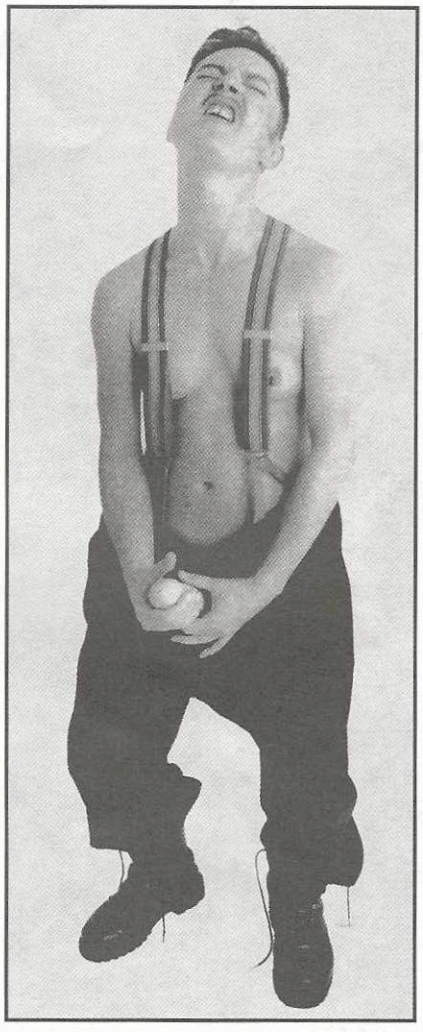
This is one of those books that utterly transforms the way you look at the world. Delany takes as his subject the current transformation of New York's most famous location, Times Square. He begins with a personal reminiscence of Times Square's sex theaters in their 1970s heyday, then moves on to a theoretical analysis of what those sex spaces accomplished in a larger urban social context. Delany persuasively argues that public sex venues, among other institutions, facilitate cross-cultural contact, vital for a vibrant and sustainable urban life. But that's not all. Each page is packed with insight—for example, his observation that even sexual spaces, such as public cruising parks (which are perceived of as "anarchic" and therefore uncontrollably dangerous) are actually highly structured with their own cultural protocols; or his historicization of the transformation of Times Square, which actually has its roots two decades earlier than Mayor Giuliani's current cleanup campaign. He even speculates about what sort of institutions could bring women the same sense of safety in casual, public sex that men have now. A grand, moving vision, this book is a must-read. **ls**

Grade:

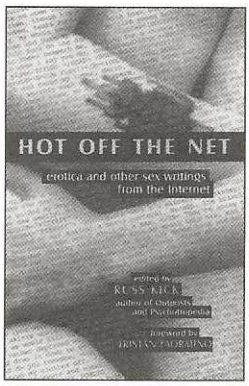


Hot Off the Net
Russ Kick, ed.
(Black Books)

Hot Off the Net will surprise you, inspire you, shock you, or at least get you thinking about what really turns you on. The beauty of cybersex has always been that anything is possible; this book, a collection of stories from the Internet, pushes that envelope. The stories are well-written, and cover such a variety of fetishes that if you don't like one story, you can just go on to the next. Highlights include a transgendered family in "Mother's Sons" by Raven Kaldera; GashGirl and the_Unborn's vampiric antics; cbratb's religious ecstasies in "Cobweb Years;" Suzie Sleaze's



Jacking off to *The Drag King Book*



sandy sex in "BeachSlut!"; and Montrose's story of sexual retribution in "Grizzly." Other stories cover threesomes, necrophilia, sex with pregnant women and *Star Trek* fantasies; I liked them all, although "A True Account of My Encounter with Dolphins" had me saying, "Um, wait a minute." **ef**

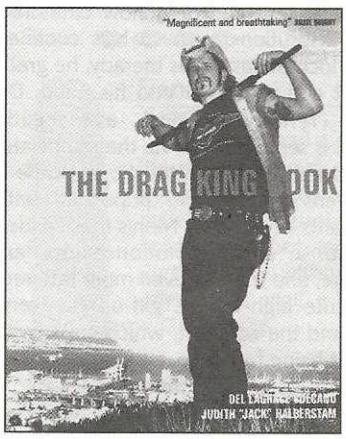
Grade: 👄👄👄👄👄

The Drag King Book

By Judith "Jack" Halberstam and Del LaGrace Volcano
(Serpent's Tail)

Drag Kings aren't just the lesbian flipside of drag queens. Nor are they an uncomplicated expression of "female masculinity." So what are they? Writer Judith Halberstam and photographer Del LaGrace Volcano still aren't entirely sure by the end of this book, but they've gone a long way toward documenting the male impersonators of London, San Francisco, and New York. The geographical limitation, although acknowledged, is unfortunate, and contributes to the feeling of this book as incomplete, only a starting point. But the photos are fabulous, the interviews provocative and varied, and the analysis intriguing. Without being muddy or overly academic, Halberstam and LaGrace show how complicated the drag king phenomena really is. And the boys are sexy enough to eat. **ls**

Grade: 👄👄👄👄



Millennium Fever

By Julia Wood
(Sapphire Books)

Millennium Fever reads like Danielle Steel for lesbians; the older (but gorgeous) frustrated high-powered businesswoman coming to terms with her lesbianism, waiting for the right younger woman to show her the way, with lots of random sex scenes sprinkled everywhere in between. It uses the classic lesbian plot: girl meets girl, girl wants girl, girl spends rest of book trying to get some a la *Claire of the Moon*. But I have to admit, I got sucked in. Although the sex scenes were not the hottest I've read (they were more vanilla than I tend to like), they did make me impatient for my sex-partner-in-crime to come home to experience our own fevers, millennium or not. And sometimes the anticipation of waiting to see if Georgie gets some of Nikki was hot in and of itself, regardless the outcome. **lm**

Grade: 👄👄👄

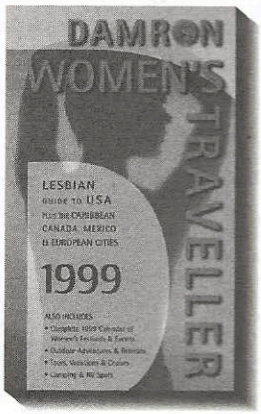
Little Black Book

👄 = Wash your hair instead.
👄👄 = Like foreplay, leaves you wanting.
👄👄👄 = One-night-stand material.
👄👄👄👄 = Call U-Haul—this one's a keeper.
👄👄👄👄👄 = Better than sex.

Review Staff

dam Diane Anderson-Minshall
ef Evil Felix
lm Lindsay McClune
ls Lori Selke

Whoever said lesbians are invisible has never travelled with us!



A travel guide that tells you where the girls are—"from sea (Provincetown) to shining sea (L.A.)", and all those great watering holes in between.

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watch it

THE FUTURE OF PORN

Porn's vision of the future is bleak but wet.

by Lori Selke

If porno makers are to be believed, sex beyond the year 2000 will suck. Government forces, deadly diseases, and radiation fallout—no matter what the cause, sex will be forced underground. But everybody knows that, in the words of the emcee in Café Flesh, "There is nothing sexier than desire in chains." In other words, nothing like repression to get you hot and bothered. And nothing like a dystopian sex video to provide some release.

Café Flesh

(VCA, 1982)

This is probably the granddaddy of porn dystopias. Nuclear fallout has rendered most people incapable of touching without retching, but a handful of remaining "sex-positives" are forced to perform for the rest of the populace. The result: closet positives in denial. Nuclear holocaust is the great gender equalizer: Both men and women patronize the sex clubs, of which "Café Flesh" is the greatest. The sex scenes here are stylized, surreal new wave cabaret routines, though the lesbian scene with Soviet and U.S. flags draped over the girls' thighs is cute. But the conclusion, with the über-cool Johnny Rico (who must be a drag king) and the formerly closeted Lana, is searing.

Grade:

Café Flesh 2

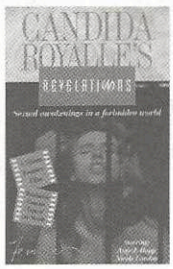
(VCA, 1998)

This sequel is more campy than the first, with fewer dark thrills and an actual happy ending of a sort. A "pozzie virus" has wiped out most of the performers and closed down the clubs, but Jeanna Fine is determined to find the last remaining positives and reopen Café Flesh. The best scene comes early, with Rebecca Lord as a French prostitute servicing two mimes. The sex is all blowjobs and vaginal penetration: no girl-girl action and only one anal scene. Plus there's an annoying little back story about how the original Café Flesh went all-girl, filled up with flannel dykes, and went under. But the cabaret routines, although less stylized and more straightforward than the original, are nevertheless imaginative. And the girls—Raylene, Mustang Sally Layd as a 1940s pin-up girl, Lord, and Fine—are scrumptious.

Grade:

Revelations

(Femme Productions, 1992)



In Café Flesh and its sequel, all sex may have been eliminated by nuclear fallout, but at least they still have fab outfits. In this video, on the other hand, even color seems to have been banished by the fascistic New Order, and everyone is required to wear shapeless gray coveralls and ugly white underwear. A drab servant of the New Order finds her neighbor's porn stash and experiences an epiphany. She learns to masturbate and to paint by splattering her curtains with food, and then discovers the joys of Sapphic congress—at least in her mind. Then she's busted. The girl-girl scene is unfortunately corny: Two very bony girls take off their clothes, put on black underwear, paint each other's faces, and then have (fairly enthusiastic) sex. The middle vignette is steamier, as the woman jerks herself off in front of her guy's face. But the free speech moralizing gets a bit tedious.

Grade:

Clockwork Orgy

(Pleasure Productions, 1996)

Note to the adapters: Substituting ultrasex for ultraviolence just doesn't work; when this viddy restages the scene where Alex's gang assaults a drunken bum, a tepid scene with the girls fucking some toothless guy is the only result. You'd think with an all-girl sex gang, the female orgasm would be first priority, but no such luck. The poor porn actresses nearly tie their tongues in knots trying to manage the droogy dialogue, and the eyeliner budget must have been sky-high. Georgina (Isis Nile) should have been the leader all along, as she's the only one who seems at all truly bossy; Kaitlyn Ashley is a pretty game Alex, but when the she and her parole officer started giving each other lace-undie wedgies in the girl-girl scene, I fast-forwarded to the credits.

Grade:

Latex

(VCA, 1995)

This release marked a new generation of future-sex flicks, with computer graphic-generated settings, visual references to *Metropolis*, *Brazil*, and *Bladerunner*, and slick fetish trappings. Malcolm Stevens is a psychiatric patient who can see people's dirtiest fantasies. In a world where a fascist leader espouses self-denial and a nine-o'-clock curfew is enforced by execution, you can see why he's considered a threat. Stevens's erotic alter ego and constant companion is the latex-clad Kato (Sunset Thomas), who has a great scene masturbating with big rubber gloves in her 1950s style dream kitchenette. Director Michael Ninn assumes a sophisticated viewer, and his thematic material stays subtle; latex acts as both a turn-on and a barrier, and Stevens is unable to see into the minds of anyone who's guilt-free. The plot's present but disjointed, with a cute twist at the end. A bit slick, a bit long, but otherwise nearly perfect.

Grade:

Shock

(VCA, 1995)

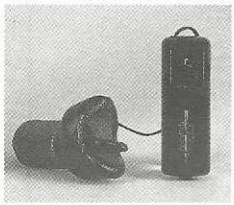
In the sequel to *Latex*, we find Malcolm Stevens still incarcerated and now catatonic. When the institution to which he's confined resorts to shock treatment as therapy, he grabs an assistant and sucks her into his mind. Dr. Mangrove (Tyffany Millions), a renegade psychiatrist, is sent after her via the MindGate. This time, the ubiquitous futuristic cityscape is inside Stevens's mind, and populated with sexual deviants of all sorts. Ninn's music-video pacing and arty, slow-motion shots are plentiful here, and the plot even more tattered. There's a cute high-femme girl-on-girl scene with Kato and the assistant, which ends with the assistant being forced to use a double-dildo stuffed in her ass to pleasure her top. Later, a wild pony-girl orgy ends with the gals jerking their fake penises off in a cascade of fake cum. Plus some perverted gargoyles, French ladies (take that, Madonna!), and Jeanna Fine as Marilyn Monroe. This video unfortunately falls prey to sequel-itis and finishes up a bit on the ridiculous side.

Grade:

try it

Clit Tickler
(California Exotic Novelities, $30)

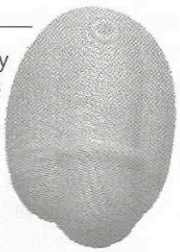
This is one of the oddest sex toys I have seen: a miniature fuschia mouth with a disproportionately large tongue and weird, textured lips. It reminded me of something from a horror film. But once I got over the odd appearance, I had to admit the actual shape and design is pretty smart. The lips are wide enough apart that they can push against your clit while the tongue disappears into...wherever (I know that cunts are all different shapes, but it fit mine perfectly). It's hooked up to a vibrating bullet which can be removed. Unfortunately, the vibration is not concentrated in the tongue, but it nonetheless offers a strong and pleasant overall sensation. Once I had the lips of the clit-tickler pressed against my nether lips, it was easy to forget that I might be diddling a supernatural object and settle in for the ride. **lm**



Grade:

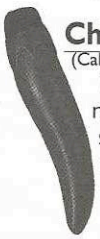
The Bulge
(RIPS, Inc, $19.95)

Designed to artificially enhance the contour of a bio-boy's package, this nifty foam oval is indisputably cheesy in its intended use. But for packing dykes, it's something else entirely. Its only flaw (besides the fact that it's for show only) is that the back is hollow; paranoid packers might want to put a sock behind it. But it fills out a pair of briefs beautifully. Pair it with a "Suck My Dick" T-shirt, as I did, and you'll have everyone salivating for your inseam. **ls**



Grade:

Chili Pepper Vibrator
(California Exotic, Novelties, $22.50)



I'm not sure how comfortable I am putting something resembling a chili pepper up my cooch. Pepper oil burns! But this vibrator is quite painless, with a pleasant squooshy texture and a nice hook for your g-spot (or your clit) at the tip. It's a little on the underpowered side, though; turns out that soft plastic doesn't transmit vibrations so well. **ls**

Grade:

Nexus
(Vixen, $85)

The Nexus is a double-headed dildo with a couple of delightful differences. The marbled black color and racy shape are just plain sexy to look at, while its silicone composition makes for easy cleaning. The two dildos are set at an angle for face-to-face fucking, with different shapes for penetrator and penetratee. The angle gives you a convenient handle for solo pleasure, as well, and the Nexus can even be used in a harness. Remember that your mileage may vary with different dildos when it comes to shape and size; while the Nexus was fun to use, it came up short, literally, in the stimulation department. On the plus side, the unusual shape of this double dong will inspire you to try new positions you wouldn't have thought of before. **ef**

Grade:

Sensoslim
(Lady Calston, $33.95)

Thank God I had a paintbrush, or the vibrating bullet would never have made it to the tip of this pink, rubber, screw-in dildo. Talk about a tight squeeze. But while trying to wrangle it out again to wash the toy before use, the wires connecting the bullet to the control ripped. In the absence of soldering equipment, all I could do was hold it together and imagine how the motor might have had *my* motor going. Furthermore, without the special feature, this hollow-in-the-middle toy was as effective as, well, a limp dick. **jp**

Grade:

Review Staff

ef Evil Felix
jp Jenny Pritchett
lm Lindsay McClune
ls Lori Selke

Little Black Book

= Wash your hair instead.
= Like foreplay, leaves you wanting.
= One-night-stand material.
= Call U-Haul—this one's a keeper.
= Better than sex.

advice

THE DOCTOR IS NINA

SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER

I have a boyfriend, and I really love him. But in July, I met a girl in my favorite night club. She is a dancer there, older than me. I don't know why, but if she'd been interested, I would have had sex with her. I found her really attractive. I love the boys, and I'm sure I'm heterosexual. Why this girl, and only her?

Who can explain chemistry? Just enjoy the feelings of newly discovered bi-curiosity. A woman can stay in the "curious" stage for years and it can be a pleasure. Being open to your feelings, even if you don't act on them, is a wonderful way to learn about yourself. No need to stress on it. You are perfectly normal.

WILD AT HEART

I have been in a committed monogamous relationship for more than three years. We have a wonderful, passionate, fulfilling sex life. But my partner has had a lot more experience than me. She is unwilling to discuss the details of her past, although I do know a lot. I worry that she will become bored with me and that I am not as "wild" as some of her other partners. She has been involved in threesomes, with women and men. Does this make her bisexual? Should I push her to discuss the past?

Hmm, your insecurities are showing. You say that your sex life is fulfilling. Consider that your very "normalcy" could be a big attraction to her. For some, involvement in "wild" sex is an acting out of low self-esteem, possibly connected to past abuse. Her life with you now could be an expression if her healing and self-love. Do you wish you had more experience before settling down? Do you feel you may be missing something? While sharing past experiences is a good road to intimacy, don't push. It's rarely appreciated. Share your feelings of insecurity. Give her the chance to show you she cares.

CALL ME

I was dating a woman that I knew from a club we both frequent. When I met her, we both had girlfriends, and we ended up hooking up after we ended our relationships. But she ended up back with her girlfriend. I told her that I couldn't see her anymore and not to call me, and we agreed that I wouldn't call her either. But she still calls me. I am really trying hard to be strong, but I really like her and it seems to get harder and harder with each message she leaves. Should I fight for her and get her back? Should I let her be in a relationship that doesn't make her happy? Can I make her happy? What should I do?

Why torture yourself? She has made her decision. She's not ready to be in a healthy relationship. Change your number and keep it unlisted. This woman is not playing fair. You cannot "make" her happy. That is her life task. She's not ready for happiness. Do you want to be in the middle of her psycho-drama? I suggest you live your life and seek out others who are walking a path closer to your own.

TENTATIVE TRYST

My employer holds a yearly meeting for all employees of a specific department. For the past two years, my friendship with a woman who works and lives in the opposite side of the country has become stronger. She is a single parent who was married until four years ago, when her husband died. Yet I have the impression she has been sexually active with women before. Although I am a lesbian, I am not "out" to my employer and I have a feminine demeanor. Recently, she has been more flirtatious with me and always tries to bring up the "gay" topic in our conversations. I will be visiting her soon and staying at her home at her invitation. I am attracted to her but I do not want to misinterpret her advances and comments. What do you think?

It sounds like a bisexual woman sending out signals to a woman she perceives as receptive, in hopes that your stay at her place will lead you to fooling around. It could be that she is giving you an opportunity to come out to her so that she doesn't possibly embarrass either one of you by asking outright. Are you interested? It's fun to be seduced and pursued, and the geographic separation makes it ideal for a little friendly sex. You don't have to decide now what you'll do when you're at her place. Bring fun undies and your favorite toy(s), as well as your flannel nightie. Be open to either possibility—you may be pleasantly surprised!

STOP AND GO

My girlfriend always stops me out of nowhere when we're making love, she doesn't know why either, and I'm as clueless as ever. She says she wants orgasm, but she can't help stopping me when it's coming. What is wrong with us?

For me, stopping short of orgasm was a manifestation of fear: of my own feelings, of intimacy, of letting go, of surrender. To come means that one must, if only for a few minutes, be selfish. A lot of women have trouble with that. Nothing is "wrong" with you. But you do have work to do. Get thee to Betty Dodson. Her book Sex for One *and her series of videos are essential for anyone in your situation. Look her up at bettydodson.com or at Good Vibrations. With love and support and a little guidance, you can work through this. Good luck.*

DOWNWARD SPIRAL

I feel like my relationship is slowly decaying. My girlfriend is withdrawing from me sexually. She insists she loves me, but she never wants to have sex. I see sex as a normal, healthy part of a relationship. I try not to pressure her, but it's getting to the point that I'm going crazy!

She has every right to honor her sexual desires, but she owes you an explanation, because her choice so strongly affects you and your feelings for her. Low sex drive can be due to anger, depression, hostility or illness, to name just a few potential causes. If she refuses to discuss it, that seems to be rather hostile, especially if you are not begging, whining, or otherwise operating out of low self-esteem. Your craziness is your responsibility. Until seeking other partners is an option, masturbate more. As painful as it may be, she may be telling you that the relationship is over. I hope you get an answer soon.

Nina Hartley is a porn star and registered nurse. Send your woes her way. Fax: 415-648-4705; mail: Dear Nina, 3415 César Chavéz, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; e-mail: nina@onourbacksmag.com

...no use talk'n about pleasure;
if you don't add a little pain...

Angela Motter

the album

"Pleasure And Pain"*

* 1999 GLAMA WINNER
produced by:Ricky Keller

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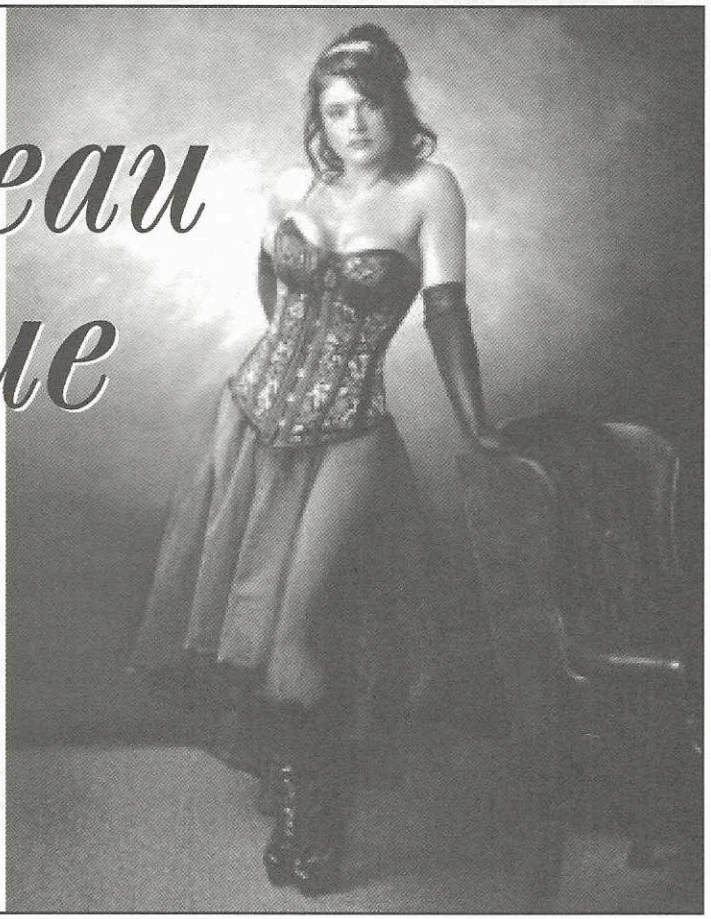

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Diana in Lace

Photography by Danielle Troiano and Maxine Gibeau

Name: Diana

Age: 40

Location: Upstate New York

Status: Married. "Five years today, which is actually 50 in dyke years."

Identity: "Depends on the day of the week and how I am feeling. Sometimes I feel like a femme-top, sometimes a little butchy, and sometimes just like a girly girl."

Profession: "I still haven't decided what I want to be when I grow up."

Women Who Float Her Boat: "Butchy women. Ohmigod, I just love butchy women. You have to go to P-town in October during women's week if you like butch women, because you will get whiplash. It is like an all-you-can-eat buffet."

Biggest Turn-On: "Butchy women with nice breasts."

Turn-Off: "Queer homophobes."

Favorite Part of Her Body: "I like my eyes the best because they are really blue."

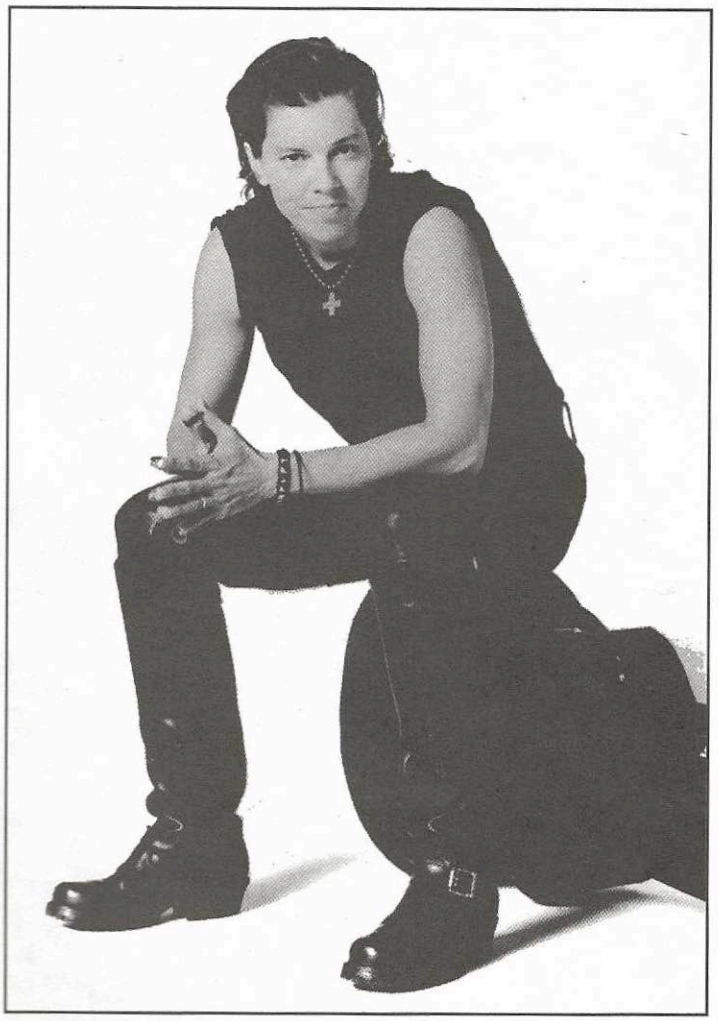
Prized Part on Others: "Breasts! It took me 35 years to understand what all the teenage boys were excited about."

Best Sexual Experience: "Sex in a dressing room of a snooty store. It's best to go to stores like Macy's where there are cushy benches with floor-to-ceiling walls. It's great because you can always get away with saying, 'You *have* to come in with me and tell me how it looks...'."

Flirtation Technique: "Eye contact. That and my voice drops an octave."

About This Photo Shoot: "I had a blast doing this. I look around and see lots of little, tiny, skinny, young, women. And everyone thinks that's what's beautiful. I used to look at myself and see that I was bigger and older and think, 'Well, I have nice eyes....' Doing this shoot showed me that you don't have to be 19 and skinny to be beautiful. You can be older and still be fabulous. That is what is great about **On Our Backs**. It recognizes that every woman is gorgeous in some way. I had a wild time, and would definitely do it again." *–lm*

Angela Motter



Angela Motter is an up-and-coming Atlanta musician currently making a splash on the East Coast live music circuit; earlier this year she won a Gay and Lesbian Music Award for "Best Out Recording" for her song, "Does Your Mama Know?" from her new self-produced album, *Pleasure and Pain*. But Motter is not just another earnest lesbian with an acoustic guitar. Her music is soulful and funky, and she's not at all shy about talking about her life as a kinky, genderbent butch dyke.

On Our Backs: You've been performing since you were 10?

Angela Motter: I've been playing guitar since I was 10; I've been performing since I was 15.

On Our Backs: So how did you get started?

AM: There was a guy who came to our class when I was in fifth grade who played guitar, and he would do sing-alongs with us. I had just switched from a very good parochial school to this really shitty public school in Marietta County. He came and brought his guitar and started playing, and he plucked me out of the crowd and said, "Will you sing a solo for the class next door?" And I said sure. So my first vocal solo was "Leaving on a Jet Plane." And the rest is history; I started taking lessons from him and haven't looked back.

On Our Backs: Who were your influences? I know you mentioned Joni Mitchell.

AM: Joni Mitchell influenced all of us songwriters, at least from my generation. I also listened to a lot of jazz growing up. I studied classical guitar, so I actually listened to a lot of classical music. I was also influenced by the music my brother was listening to at the time—all the great guitar players: Allman Brothers, Jimi Hendrix. And Bonnie Raitt was a big influence, of course, back when she was doing all that acoustic blues stuff. I've always been influenced by female songwriters.

On Our Backs: I noticed, however, that you're pretty explicit about not being in the tradition of Melissa Etheridge or the Indigo Girls. Is that just because people are going to group you with anyone they can think of, or is it something else?

AM: I think people who don't really know music go, "Oh you're a girl with a guitar; this is what you sound like." I think what we were trying to get across was that the music was not one dimensional. I don't mean one dimensional in a derogatory fashion; it's just that I cover a lot of ground. Just because I'm from Atlanta doesn't mean I'm going to sound like the Indigo Girls.

On Our Backs: But it does seem hard to describe your music.

AM: My manager is a fucking genius, the more I think about it, because she came up with that "folkalternagroove" line. There's a specific genre coming out of Atlanta now; there's a lot of us in that category. This isn't just your mama's folk music. It's funk.

On Our Backs: Your song "isitaboyisitagirl" seems to have been inspired by the first line of a music review which asked that question about you. You seem both offended and amused by that. At the end of the song, you say, basically, that you're both, you're in between. Is it just that the music press doesn't recognize a butch dyke when they see one, or what?

On Our Backs: That's a really difficult question for me, because I'm living it, you know? I do feel trans; I definitely feel that there's not a pronoun for people like me.

On Our Backs: But it sounds like you don't think transitioning is something you want to do, at least right now.

AM: No, I mean, it would change my voice.

On Our Backs: That's the first thing I thought.

AM: And also, I like my body. I mean, I'm amused that I have breasts. When I look at myself in the mirror I go, "Whoa," because I'm

Interview by Lori Selke

expecting something else in my mind, but I don't think I'm the only one who looks in a mirror and is expecting something else. I'm real blessed. I have really good genes, I have a good body, I'm athletic. I think butch dykes who are like me, we're going, OK, where do we fit in? And where do the femmes who are attracted to us fit in? I guess I don't feel like a lesbian. I hesitate to say that because I feel that I sound like a whiner. But I like it, I enjoy being something in between.

On Our Backs: It can be an interesting place to be.

AM: Yeah, and as far as butch goes, I mean, do you call k.d. lang butch? k.d. lang just looks like a lesbian to me. I want to look like a guy. This whole amorphous mass of women that sort of vaguely all look the same, it's not something that interests me. And they're not interested in my music anyway, so it doesn't really matter! But I've had to look at what happens when I get onstage dressed the way I do. I usually pack onstage.

On Our Backs: You do?

AM: I have to pack on stage, because if I'm wearing tight jeans, it just does not look correct [otherwise]. It makes me sick to my stomach. I cannot do it anymore.

On Our Backs: So who comes up to you after your shows now? What sort of reaction do you get?

AM: I was at a bar a few years ago when I first started packing, and this sporty dyke came up to me. She looked like she goes to those golf events, still turns up the collar and shit. She came up to me, and said, "is that a jock strap you're wearing?" I mean, nothing about the music or the show. She just walked right up to me and asked about the jock strap. And I said, "Yeah, they're really comfortable and they're also really cheap." And that was the end of the conversation.

I have a theory that I take up a lot of space on stage and I represent something to people who feel like they can't quite go that far. I can't not go that far. It's who I am.

I was out during the Reagan years, and it was really scary then. It still is scary—I'm still afraid I'm going to get shot or something. Everyone was in the closet at that point. I was the only person who raised my hand and said, "Yeah, I'm out!" Because I figured, what happens if I don't get a record deal? Everybody was worried that they wouldn't get a record deal if they came out. Well, what are your chances? It's something like the same chance as getting hit by lightning. So I'm gong to live my whole life in the closet just in case? It's been the same way with the gender stuff—talk about being a queer among queers. Straight people have much less of a problem with me, straight women especially.

On Our Backs: I think it's obvious to anyone who listens to your album that you're kinky. So, I have to ask: top or bottom?

> "I identify as Daddy more than anything."

AM: I identify as Daddy more than anything. But I'm a switch. I have friends that use me as a Daddy that I don't sleep with. It's just that nurturing side, I guess, and it doesn't seem appropriate to call me Mommy!

On Our Backs: And you said that you like "femmes and fags."

AM: That's right.

On Our Backs: Could you be more specific?

AM: I have been involved with other girl-boys, which is how we relate to each other. It's always kind of a shock when we get our periods, because we're in this other land. For some reason I have a real appreciation for women. I don't know how to say it, but there are some femmes who are, to me, 100 percent woman. They like being a woman, never looked at themselves in a mirror and thought, "What am I becoming?" or anything, and that's a little bit different than your garden-variety dyke, to me.

On Our Backs:: How was winning the GLAMA and performing at the awards ceremony?

AM: It was fabulous. The band just rocked. It was the whole "list of dreams" thing. I put this band together in New York, and we rehearsed the day of the show. I was walking by Sandra Bernhard backstage, and I just wanted her to see me as what I am—a good-looking guy. I didn't say hello, I just nodded to her, and she quivered her lips at me.

Later, I was crammed into the stairwell after the performance, and Ani DiFranco walked right by and said "great song." So I felt really seen. We were living the dream. The bigger the crowd, the more fired-up I am.

On Our Backs: You do seem to have quite a live reputation.

AM: You can put me in front of 20,000 people; I don't care. We'll do it.

On Our Backs: You'll have to record a live album someday.

AM: I think that's going to be the next step. It'd be fun to do that kind of an album. And I'd also like to do another more straight-up acoustic album similar to *Out of Control*, with the slide [guitar]. Lea Delaria once said to me, "You need to record a slide guitar album called *Blues Walkin' Like a Man*," which is a Robert Johnson song. I have lots of ideas; it's a matter of getting funding together. I raised $23,000 to make the CD myself. I don't owe anybody any money. It was all gifts or investments. And the thought of starting that process all over again is grueling.

But I feel privileged to be a musician, even though I'm always broke. And I have been broke since I was 19. Everything I own has been given to me: my computer, everything in my apartment. And sometimes I want plates that match. I really feel privileged to be able to do what I do and express myself in this world. But man, there are some trade-offs.

On Our Backs: OK. So what would your ideal world of sex look like?

AM: I would live in a really big house. [laugh] And I'd have a nice play space in that house, both a music space and a sexual space. Because creativity is so related to the sex drive to me. And that there were several people whom I was involved with that would stop by now and then and have some fun. We'd love each other and there wouldn't be a whole lot of fucking processing! And if I were to get married, it would be a nonconventional type partnership. But I wouldn't mind a big wedding. I wouldn't mind walking a beautiful woman down the aisle in a beautiful dress.

And you know what one of my other sexual fantasies is?

On Our Backs: What?

AM: For them to come out with an antidepressant...

On Our Backs: That doesn't dampen your libido?

AM: Right! I think it's a ruse. I think it's because they don't want those of us who have depression to procreate.

On Our Backs: So tell me about what living in Atlanta is like.

AM: Atlanta is a very busy city right now; it's a boom town. But Atlanta's not really the South in a way. And there's lots of great restaurants here. That would be part of my sexual fantasy too.

On Our Backs: How so?

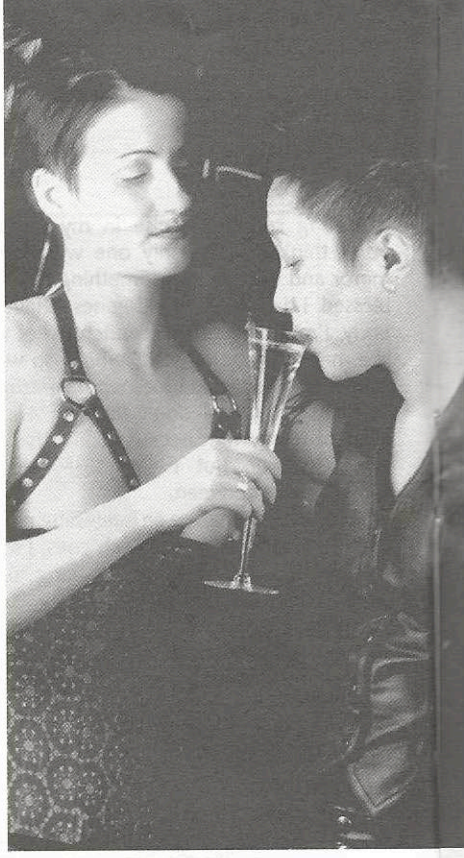
AM: Just to take a beautiful girl or a good-looking boy to a restaurant and feed him, and take him home, and fuck his brains out.

Angela Motter's CD, **Pleasure and Pain**, *can be ordered from her Web site: www.angelamotter.com. Or write Hey MISTER! Records, P.O. Box 5543, Atlanta GA 31107.*

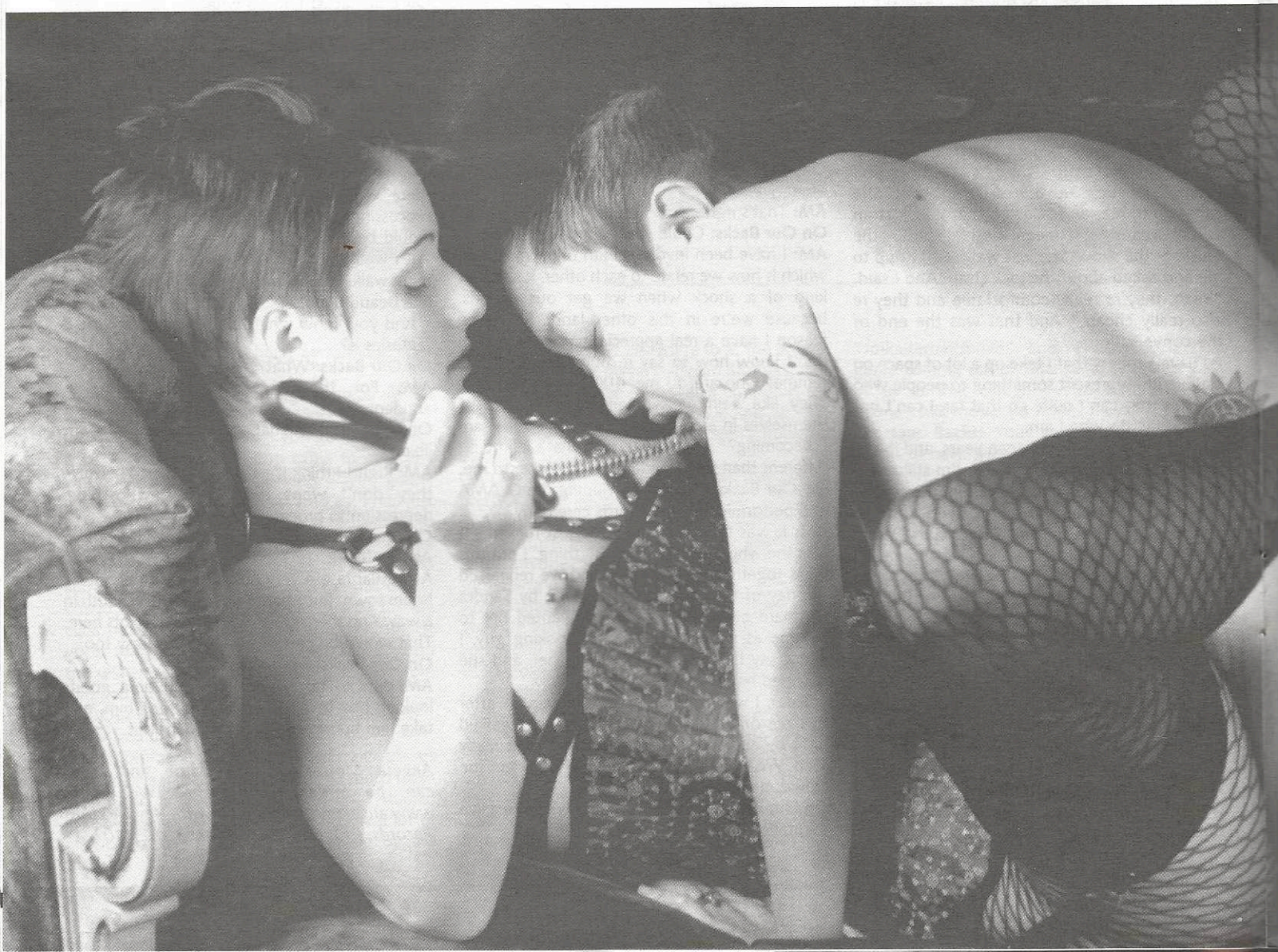
Tan and Anna After Hours

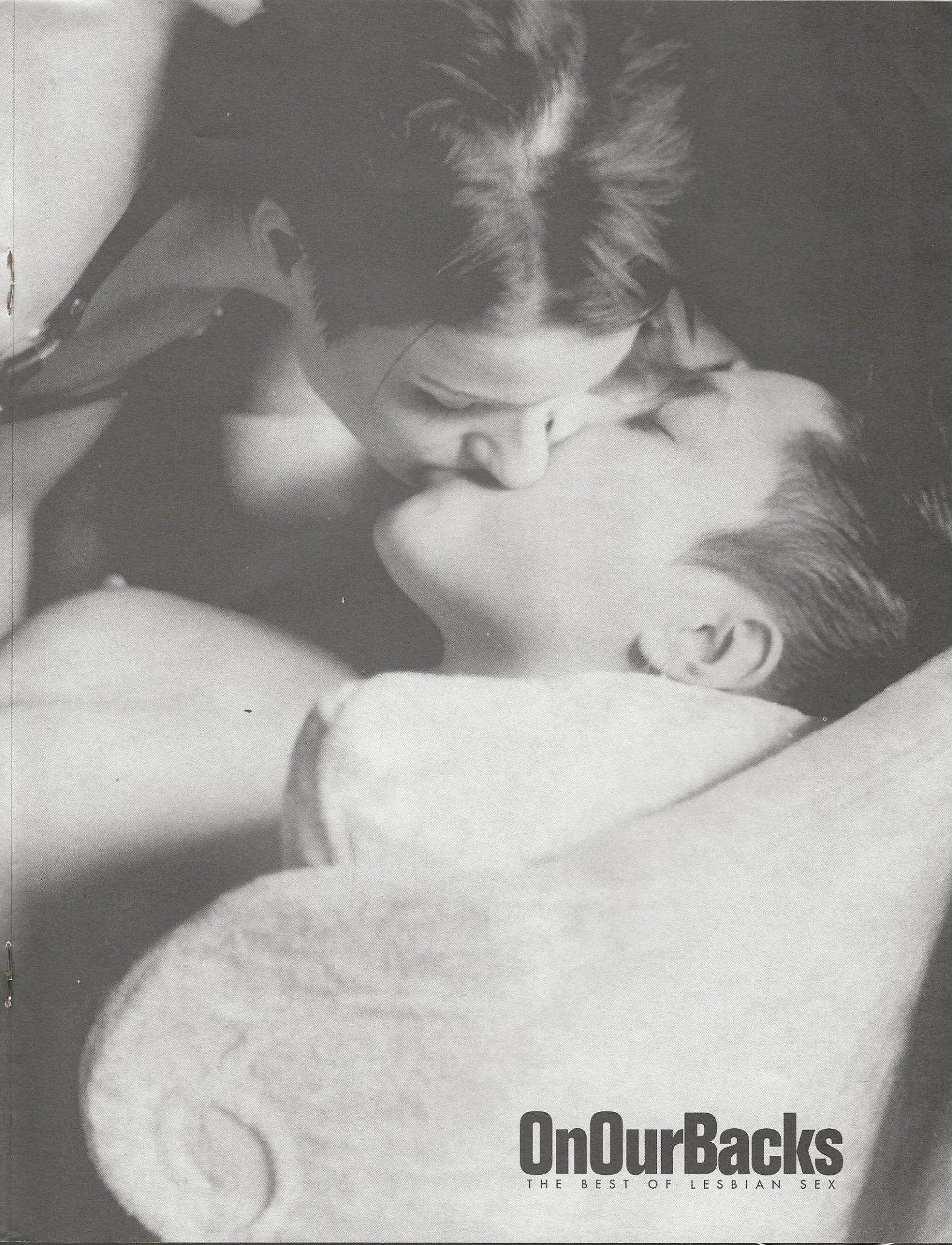
shot on location at Madame X, New York

Photography by Michele Serchuk



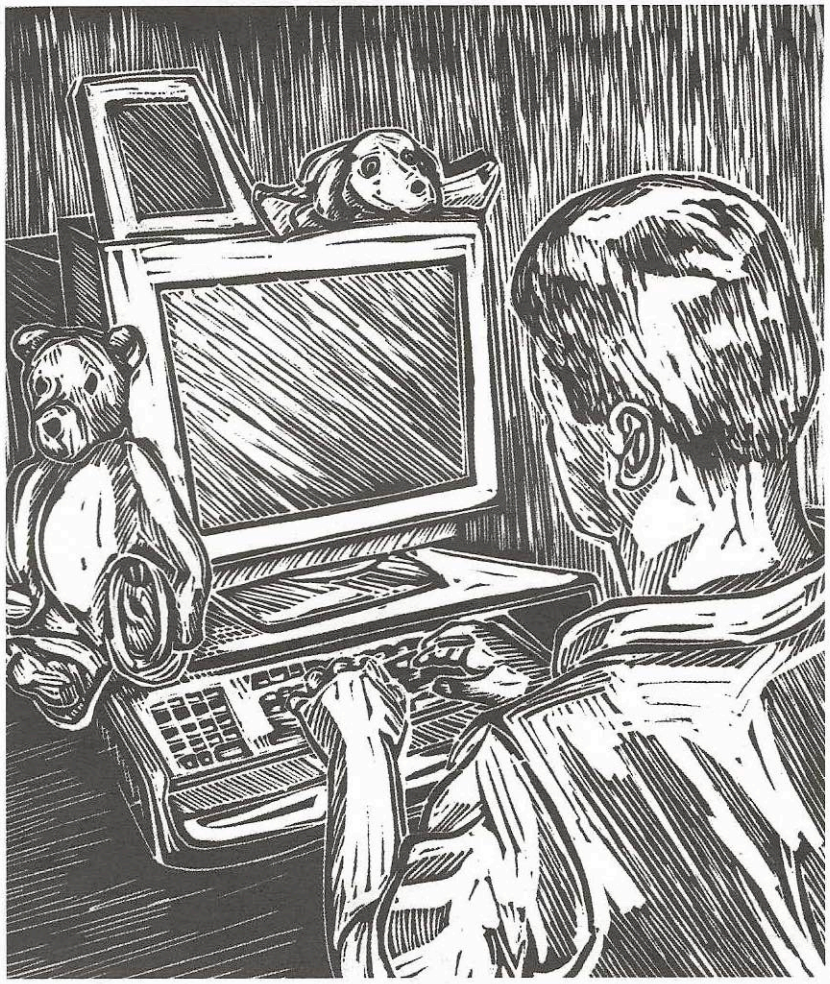
Anna is an expert at tall, cool, drinks, but when she sees Tan, her mouth goes dry. So she buys them both a flute of champagne. Tan is looking for a femme to take her in hand and show her the ropes—and the collar, and the leash. Anna knows just what to do.




OnOurBacks
THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

After the club closes, Anna clips a leash on Tan and leads her to the lounge, with its sumptuous sofa. Anna is no longer interested in the champagne—Tan is just as sweet, and more intoxicating. – *l.s.*

Thanks to Madame X in New York's West Village, 94 West Houston Street, for hosting this shoot.



The Truth about Child Porn on the Net

What the wOnderland bust means for sexual freedom.

By Diane Anderson-Minshall • Illustration By Victoria Martin

I saw an eight-year-old girl with a dick in her mouth today. She wasn't all dressed up and painted like Jon-Benet Ramsey. In fact, she looked like an ordinary little girl in every way—with mousy brown hair and dark eyes—except that a penis was in her mouth.

After months, maybe years, of hearing and reading about child pornography and baby snuff films and pedophiles on the Internet, I decided to investigate. I had never seen child pornography—not the real stuff. Sure, I've seen the ads in the back of *Hustler* with 18-year-old girls dressed in pigtails and cheerleading outfits, beckoning readers to "Fuck Me, Daddy." But I've often wondered if child pornography is the scourge that politicians would have you believe, or if much of it is simple urban legend, an outgrowth of the moral panic that surrounds issues of decency and pornography.

It took two hours on an IRC (Internet Relay Chat) group (preteen erotica) to convince me. Child pornography is *very* real. And its rampant growth may just ring the death knell for erotica of the adult kind.

Welcome to wOnderland

In 1862, when author Lewis Carroll was in his prime, he contributed two important things to popular culture. The first was a wealth of written material—including the beloved *Alice in Wonderland*—that would entertain children for decades to come. The second was a vast portfolio of children's photographs. In fact, Carroll was a pioneering photographer of children. Carroll photographed mostly girls under 13, before they hit what he called "their usual awkward stage of transition."

Carroll preferred to pose little girls naked or in simple nightdresses. He was quite outspoken on his preferences. "Naked children are so perfectly pure and lovely," he wrote in his journals. "I confess I do not admire naked boys. They always seem to need clothes whereas one hardly sees why the lovely forms of girls should ever be covered up."

Much debate has swirled around Carroll's obsessive photographing and his particular interest in one little girl (Alice Liddell). Some scholars say Carroll's praise of the child in *Alice* represents his distaste for sexuality as an inevitable evil. Others, including psychologist

Phyllis Greenacre, argue that Carroll harbored a horror of little boys and would have preferred to have been a little girl.

"Masturbation, sexual union, and...[witnessing] birth all left a terrified fascination in their wake and caused a retreat from an ideal of sexual love to one of a brotherly/sisterly universal love," argues Greenacre. "But Carroll could not entirely deny his sexual nature."

Carroll's letters and journal entries were laden with innuendo even though many were told as children's tales. One story about persnickety kittens discusses anger, inability to sleep, and features cats that spill sticky gum between the sheets of a book. Carroll finally quiets the felines by making them drink ink in the same way, says Goodacre, that he "quiets his own pedophilia by making stories about his unconscious confessions of sexual arousal."

But most historians agree that Carroll relied only on his photos as sources of pedophilic comfort. When he died, he stipulated that all the photos be returned to the children's parents or be destroyed.

Last September, U.S. Customs cracked a child pornography ring calling itself w0nderland. It turned out to be the largest, most sophisticated child pornography enterprise ever busted, and it operated entirely on the Internet.

Although the group took its name from Carroll's book and his predilection for photographing young girls, most authorities say that w0nderland went far beyond that. United States Customs CyberSmuggling officers found out about w0nderland after cracking a smaller, less sophisticated group called The Orchid Club. Members of the Orchid Club would molest young girls in front of live-action cameras hooked up to their computers, then broadcast the show via the Internet to other club members. The viewers would then interact with the scene by typing in the kinds of abuse they'd like to see next. After one Orchid Club member molested five of his daughter's friends (ages 4 to 10), one of the girls' mothers issued a child molestation claim. Little did she realize that the claim would trigger a chain reaction of arrests that would reach 32 U.S. cities and 12 countries.

After the member's conviction (he's now serving a life sentence without parole), police seized his computer. This led them to three Orchid Club members in Britain, then to the übersophisticated w0nderland.

For less than $100 a month, members of w0nderland bought access to the online club where, in an IRC private chat room, they could exchange photos of children—naked, having sex with adults, having sex with each other. The group took elaborate measures to make sure they were safe, operating with what investigators called "a sophistication never before seen." w0nderland's members each stored between 10,000 and 80,000 different images on their computers. Club higher-ups even searched potential members' hard drives in order to verify the authenticity of their child porn. Each photo was encrypted to prevent detection, says Gene Weinschenk, head of the U.S. CyberSmuggling Center. Some of the photos in w0nderland's five-million-plus photo cache involved children as young as 18 months.

Cyber Refuge

"Some of the [images] that my offices are having to sift through are horrific," says Jackie Bennett, head of Britain's National Crime Squad. It was Bennett, under the auspices of Interpol, who coordinated the worldwide sweep.

When Bennett's investigation was done, she and Interpol joined up with authorities from 11 countries—Australia, Austria, Belgium, Finland, France, Germany, Italy, Norway, Portugal, Sweden, and the U.S.—and arrested 100 people. Of those 100 members, 32 hailed from the U.S., and of those, three were women. Since the September raid, 10 more related arrests have been made, and 20 more are predicted.

Many politicians and children's advocates are asking how this happened in the first place. After all but disappearing from magazines and skin flicks during the eighties because of strict enforcement of new laws, the market for underage pornography is soaring again. But this time, it's in cyberspace. The Internet affords anyonymity for offenders; a number of child porn traders say they feel safer in cyberspace. One of the Orchid Club members who watched the live molestations, in fact, admitted to FBI agents that he joined the group because he thought the Internet was safe.

"The Internet is probably the best thing that ever happened to the sex trade," admits Mike Niehoff, a high-tech crimes police investigator in San Jose. "It makes people feel safe and anonymous."

Child porn arrests are now taking place weekly. The Department of Justice, according to deputy chief Tom Burrows, is averaging 300 prosecutions a year, compared to 100 prosecutions in the early nineties. The National Center for Missing and Exploited Children reports that child pornography calls are up to almost 275 a month compared to 15 a month last year.

Byzantine child porn rings such as Pedo University (recently busted in upstate New York) and "child erotica" newsgroups continue to crop up. A trip to the IRC preteen erotica channels will quickly bring you in touch with regulars named "LuvYungPussy" and "KiddyFukPics." Even a scan of monitored Web sites will land you on a few large Dutch Web sites that provide child erotica. One site boasts of offering "the sick photos that made the Internet famous."

Pornographers Bust a Move

Perhaps most interesting about the recent string of child porn arrests is not who's getting busted, but who's doing the bust. The recent crackdown involves many adult sex industry workers—who are on the side of the law.

One recent bust—dubbed Operation Rip Cord after New York investigators became so repulsed by the pictures on the computer screen that they ripped a plug from the wall—netted 200,000 pictures and 1500 suspects. It was all started by an adult bookstore owner who contacted police in Albany with concerns about the availability of child porn on the Internet.

"Even though he's an adult pornographer," says New York Attorney General Dennis Vacco, "he was repulsed by this information, the type of material he could download."

Even free speech advocates have been quieter than usual. Although many activists still argue that there is nothing inherently wrong with discussing desire to perform illegal acts, even organizations like the First Amendment Coalition and the American Civil Liberties Union seem to recognize that the presence of actual child pornography on the Internet threatens the free speech rights of a great number of lawful citizens. Democrats led by Texas Representative Nick Lampson founded the Missing and Exploited Children's Caucus. The bipartisan organization now has 100 members.

But even with activists and politicians like Lampson on their side, law enforcement agents such as Bennett may have a tough time stemming the tide of child porn on the Internet. The repeat-offender rate for possessing child porn is 90 percent. The photos of raped and abused children appear to be new ones, not pre-eighties images as earlier thought. And law enforcement agencies are ill-equipped to deal with the global disposition of the information highway.

"Relatively few law enforcement investigators are skilled at apprehending Internet child pornographers and police agencies allocate few resources to Internet crime," says a spokeswoman for Pedo Watch, a nonprofit online resource for battling child porn on the Net.

In addition, most investigators do not pursue porn traders outside their jurisdiction, do not know who to contact in other countries, and are not likely to follow up on crimes for which they won't be able to make the arrest.

So although the w0nderland bust sent shock waves around the world, reducing the number of people trolling the IRC preteen erotica channels and making some pedophiles go back into hiding, child pornography presents numerous problems to those who want to stop it.

Bennett's team wants to identify the children involved. They are considering the unorthodox plan of posting thousands of images of abused kids on the Internet in order to identify them and stop the abuse. Although this tactic may be the only way to fight a crime that's taken such a dramatically different turn in the last decade, many believe it's tantamount to abusing the children again.

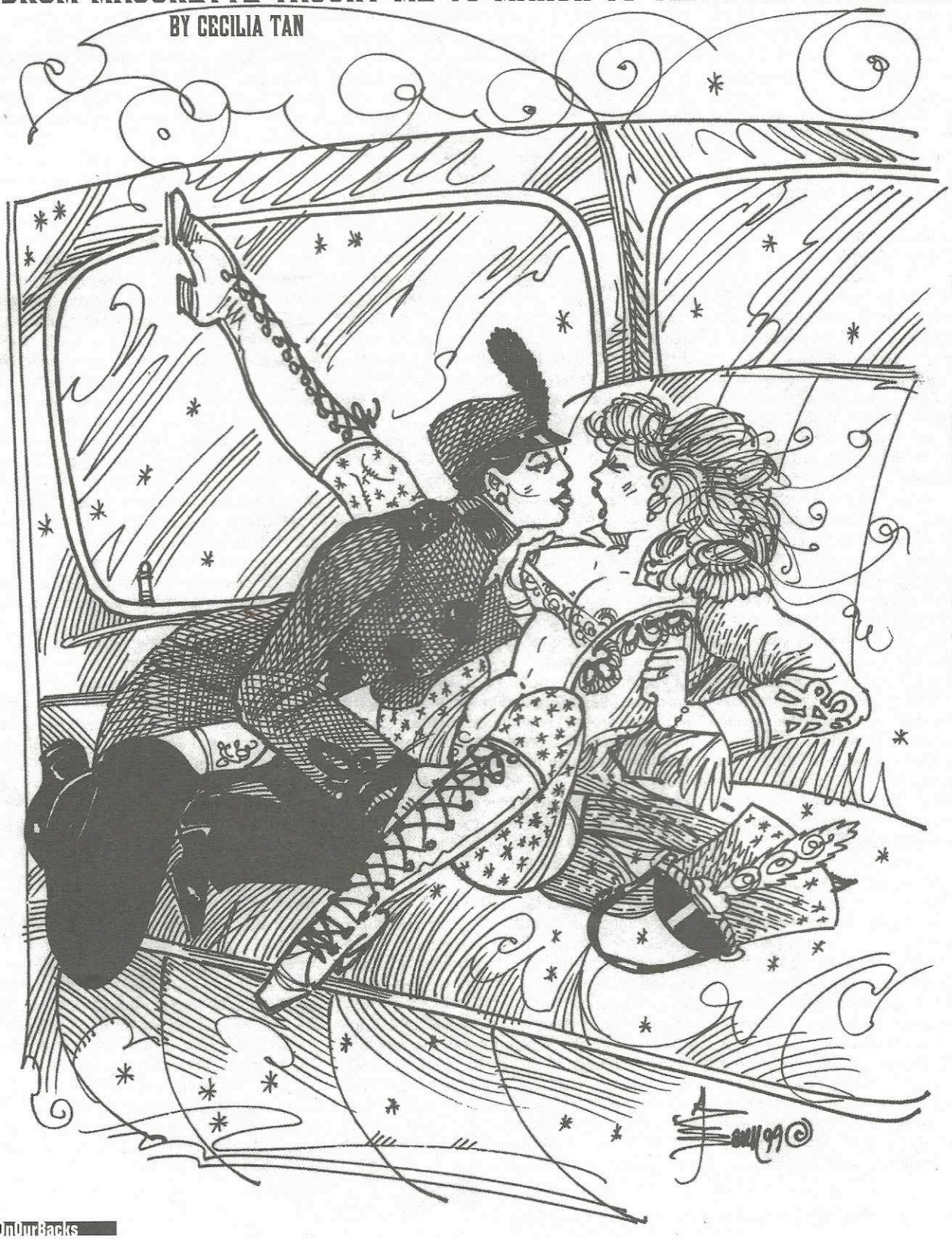
But law enforcers don't know how else to save the kids from being abused again. Scholars such as Richard D. Mohr may argue that the hysteria over child porn is really the result of adult American worries about purity, innocence, and identity—social constructions of childhood that are false fronts—but abuse victims know that all the theorizing in the world won't change how abused children—a disproportionate number of which are girls—are suffering.

After investigators broke up w0nderland, they found some particularly gruesome videos of a young girl being repeatedly abused by two relatives. "I didn't sleep for three days after that," says Weinschenk.

ESPRIT DE CORPS

A DRUM MAJORETTE TAUGHT ME TO MARCH TO THE BEAT OF HER BATON.

BY CECILIA TAN



I MET HER AT THE (HA!) HOT DOG STAND BEHIND THE BLEACHERS IN WEST RIVER STADIUM. The woman who taught me the thing I didn't know. I'll get to that in a minute. There I was, standing in line for a Coke, served flat in a waxy cup with a cracked, translucent plastic lid crunched down on top of it, when I noticed her in the next line over, with a couple of other Wildcats. The sound of drums thundered off the concrete walls of the stadium as another corps took their place on the field. I inched closer to the front of the line.

Miles of leg. That's what I was thinking as I looked her over. She wore spotless white over-the-calf boots; they must have been custom jobs given how they fit. Not a stupid Dallas Cowgirl-type fringe boots or something, but genuine up-to-the-knee majorette boots, laced tight, without a grass stain on them. Her tights were something skin-tone but spangly, which made her thighs look as long as a summer day, topped by a perfect white triangle that was the bottom of her leotard. Her jacket was white, double-breasted, with two rows of brass buttons marching over the hills of her chest in front, and long seams of gold running down satin-lined tails in the back, hiding the curve of her ass like a stage curtain. Hung on one arm was her hat, a smart, pseudomilitary affair, and tucked under that same arm was her baton. Not a twirling baton, mind you, a majorette baton. She tossed her shoulder-length blond hair back from her gold epaulettes and my breath caught in my throat. This woman was born to lead.

I'd seen her the day before, at the hotel where several of the drum and bugle corps were staying. Out in the parking lot, she had been supervising the loading of the Wildcat flags and banners into a rental truck. She'd just been wearing a pair of running shorts and a T-shirt tied at the waist into a sexy knot; I'd kind of tucked the image of her into the back of my mind.

But seeing her there, by the hot dog stand, in her full regalia...well, let's just say if I'd been in the Union army and she'd been in the Confederacy, I would have switched from blue to gray in an instant. As it was, I was standing there in the uniform of the Atlanta Zephyrs, which had a sort of faux-civil war look to them. I liked the Zephyr uniform, which squared my shoulders and had copious pockets inside, although the black pants were hell during the summer parade season. I had buzzed my hair short, too, and under the plastic lining of my hat I could feel the sweat prickling. What was I going to say to her? Because I knew I had to say something. It's not every day you see a girl in the concession line who makes your throat go dry and...

She turned around and saw me looking, and smiled like she recognized me from the hotel lobby. Heck, maybe we had even met before–the Wildcats and Zephyrs had both done the parade on July 4th in Wilmington, Virginia. I smiled back and waved, my white gloves tucked in my sleeve peeking out to wave, too.

Then she was at the front of her line, and I was at the front of mine, and I lost track of her for a minute, until she found me standing next to the condiment table, gnawing on my straw. She bit into a hot pretzel, wrinkled her nose, and dropped the corpse of the pretzel into an empty waste barrel where it hit bottom with a gong-like clang. "When do you go on?" she asked casually, saving me the need to invent an opening line.

SHE SAID, "I HEAR TUBA PLAYERS HAVE THE SOFTEST LIPS." I WASN'T ABOUT TO TURN DOWN AN INVITATION LIKE THAT.

"Second to last, I think," I said. "And you're last, right?"

She smiled a pretty, faux-modest smile. The Wildcats had won the Mayor's Cup the year before, and so had the privilege of going last in this year's competition. "That's right." She had one manicured hand wrapped around the ball end of the baton and I could see the white fingertips of her gloves sprouting from inside her hat, hung on her arm like a sand pail. "What do you play?"

The question caught me off guard—I was too busy looking at how the gold-trimmed collar on her jacket accentuated her long, graceful neck. "Tuba," I blurted out.

"Aha," she nodded. Most of my cohort were wandering around with trumpets or coronets in hand, but the tuba just wasn't practical to carry around. The sousaphones and drums were piled up at the edge of the field, waiting for our turn. Then her hand was reaching toward me, like she was going to brush some lint off my jacket, but she brushed her fingers against my lips and said, in a low voice so I could almost not hear her against the blare of brass echoing off the walls, "I hear tuba players have the softest lips."

I wasn't about to turn down an invitation like that. We adjourned to the Wildcat's equipment truck.

The clasp of her collar came undone and I slid my hands along her jaws, cradling her head as I kissed her. I don't know about other tuba players, but I do have damn soft lips. Hers quivered, and I made my way down her body, parting the starchy wool of her jacket to find the satin lining underneath. My hands cupped spandex-encased breasts inside their satin outer wrap, my thumbs ridging over her hardening nipples. Then I buried my face there, in the sweet smell of parade sweat, dry-cleaned satin and wool, and the tang of her skin. My hands slid around to her buttocks, and she sucked in her breath.

Suddenly there was one white boot against my shoulder, as she leaned back against the driver's side door, and pushed me down. I gladly buried my face between those sparkly nylon thighs, my tongue lapping at the perfect 50% polyester white triangle that was her most tender place.

But a tongue isn't enough to penetrate lycra. With a wicked gleam in her eye, she picked her baton off the dashboard. One end was round, the bulb handle, but the other end was pointed–not sharp, but pointed, tapering to a point slightly blunter than a knitting needle. She ran the tip down her crotch and over the spot where I guessed her clit was. She drew tight circles with it on the taut cloth, and then slid down further in the seat, bringing both booted feet up and spreading her legs as wide as the seat would allow.

I saw it then, the one imperfection in her uniform, where the seam had given up the ghost, where the spangle met the white in the crook of her leg...and she handed the baton to me.

I eased the tip into the hole in the fabric, widening it and letting it slide up and down her cunt. When I pulled it out, the tip was wet, and I tasted the honey I found there. Then I slid my finger into the hole, and into her.

Her eyes closed and her whole body relaxed as I sent my finger probing into the wet cleft of her. Because you see, it's she who taught me what that hole was for. I'd really always been more of a clit girl, myself, and my last girlfriend hadn't really liked penetration all that much. But there, with my finger snug deep into her, I learned at last that there's no more intimate thing. She had, literally, opened up and let me in.

I let a second finger follow the first, holding my hand in bang-bang-you're-dead pistol position, my thumb planted firmly on her clit, my hand rocking to the rhythm of another band leaving the field, and thinking to myself, when she high steps, she'll feel this juice between her lips, when she goes down to one knee in her salute, she'll feel the empty place where my fingers were. She was just starting to pant hard when I pulled my fingers away.

"Hey..." she said, as I sat back.

I pursed my tuba-playing lips. "Consider that a down payment. You can collect the rest tonight. If the Wildcats win, I'll do whatever you want."

She wrinkled her nose and threw back that perfect blonde hair. "And if the Zephyrs win?"

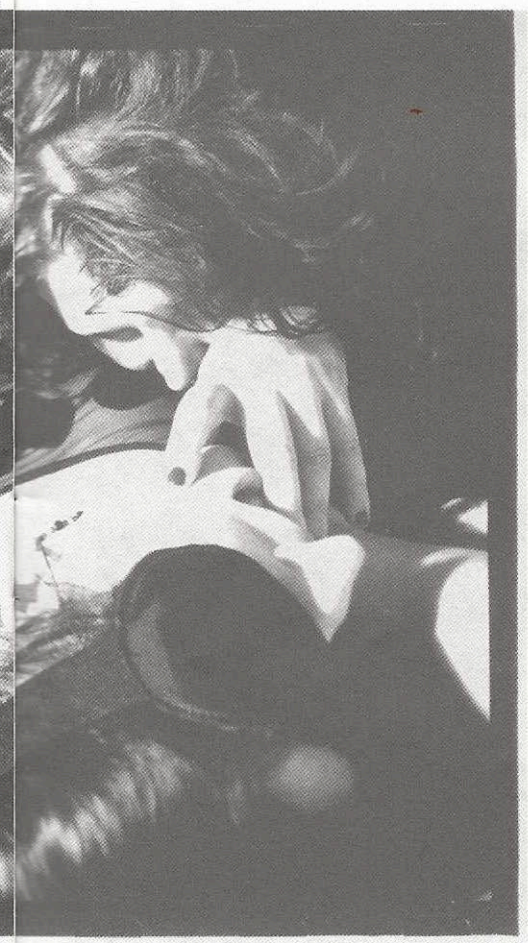
I told her I'd expect the same. But that was all talk, because in the end, the Garfield Cadets won. We spent the night being as intimate as we could anyway.

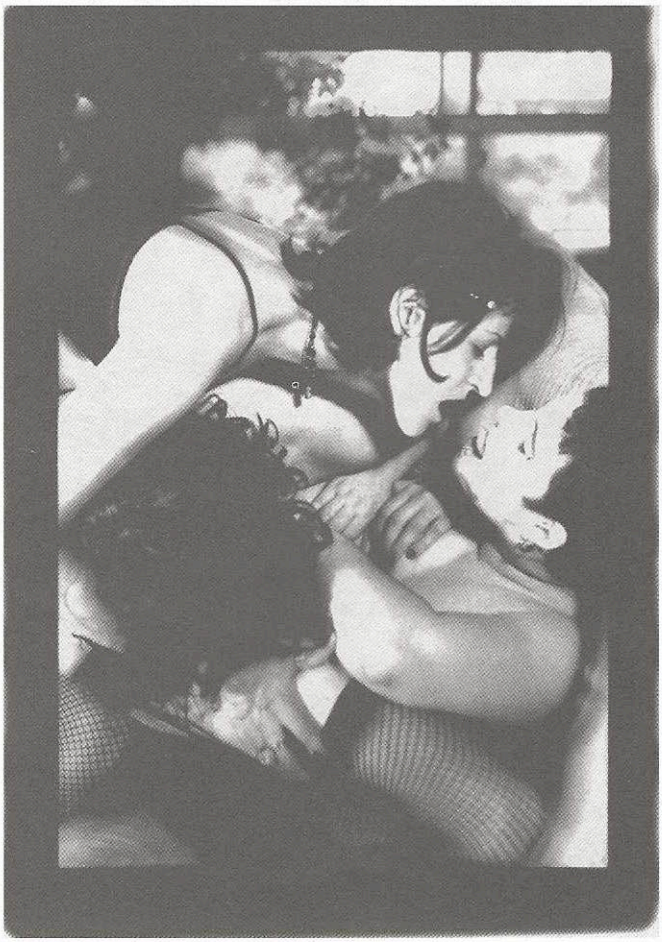
ILLUSTRATION BY DONNA BARR

Party Favors

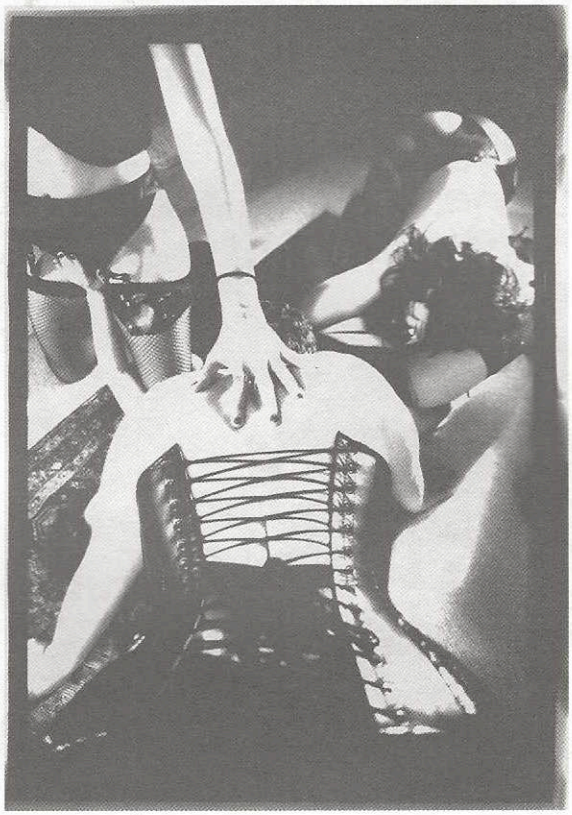
Four girls gather for a truly intimate celebration.

Photography by Phyllis Christopher

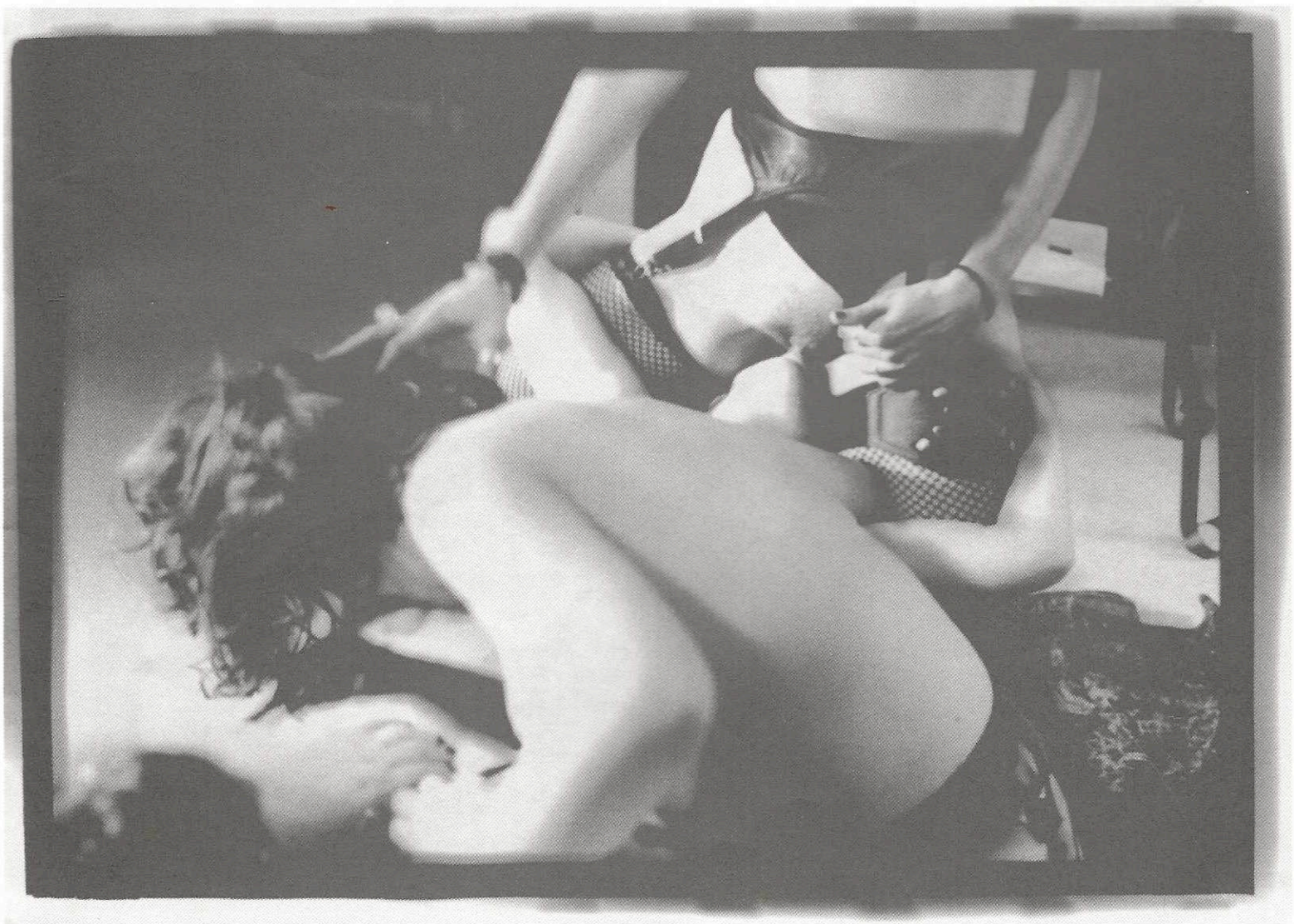




A kiss at midnight is a traditional New Year's treat. But now that it's a new era, why not start some new traditions? Why stop with just a kiss?



One thing led to another. A little necking, a little champagne…when Kira spilled the contents of her glass, it was just an excuse for the girls to get out of their clothes and into…each other. –l.s.

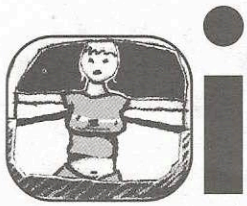


The Long Parallel Tracks

When there's nothing else to do on a cross-country train...

By Peggy Munson

CL99



It may sound like a romantic artifact from a Russian novel, but in my country the sleeper car is just a haven for aviatophobes willing to pour their yearly savings into a trip that takes twelve times as long as by airplane. A well-engineered little cubicle that resembles a mausoleum with a toilet. There, rumbling past the dizzying faded paint of freight cars, I always relearn the lost art of patience. When I asked the conductor when we were going to take off, he said, "Do you see a runway out there?" and told me to relax.

So I bore down for a thousand games of solitaire, not expecting to have a good time at all. But then, as we rolled out past Boston's periphery, I saw the woman strolling though the passageway, wearing chunk-heel dyke shoes. I've been all over; I know the regional differences in queer mating signals. In the Midwest, dykes tattoo their own arms using needles sterilized in whiskey. In the West, women have flawless haircuts and they wear them like trophy hunters. In the East, dykes have shoes that can ground lightning.

All it took was a glance from her, and I knew I wanted to come on sudden and furious. She was looking for nothing but a good night's rest.

Her eyes measured the parameters of my cubicle. I was reflecting back on all those games of Seven Minutes in the Closet I missed in junior high, when I wanted so badly to kiss a girl in a dark dusty hideaway, high on mothballs and musty coats.

Without the shoes, I ascertained, she was probably just another Midwest transplant like me. I wondered how her Protestant work ethic might hold up in bed.

"Where are you headed?" I asked her as she passed.

"To the end of the line," she said. "Chicago. Actually, to a town you've probably never heard of."

"Try me," I said. "I'm going to Joliet, Illinois."

"Hey, I'm landing outside of Romeoville," she answered. We both grinned. "Right behind a grain elevator."

As I watched her maneuver into the sleeper car down the hall, I noticed the rainbow triangle on her bag. A Midwest dyke with a butch swagger wearing assimilationist shoes and muscling her own bags. I was ready for trouble. I was ready to be run out on a rail.

When *The Avengers* came on my index-card-sized movie screen, I called her out of her car. "Hey, do you want to watch Uma Thurman put on tight costumes with me?"

"Oh, yeah. I'm all over that," she answered, and we both squeezed into my sleeper. To watch the movie, one of us had to sit right on top of the covered toilet, so I volunteered, trying to be chivalrous. We pretended we weren't violating the laws of proxemics, but we were marvelously close, the denim of our knees rubbing together.

She held out her hand as introduction, cramping it back because we were so close. "Civ," she said.

"Civ?"

"Used to be Cybil. My sister had a lisp. It became Civil, as in disobedience. Now it's Civ, as in sieve."

"How very Marxist," I said. "Or Betty Crockerish. So, let's watch this Kremlin edition movie screen and eat the pretzels I brought."

"Great," she said, laughing, even though my joke was nervously weird and I couldn't even remember if Marx wrote *Civil Disobedience* or if it was written by some Sixties guy, like Abbie Hoffman.

By the time Uma was wearing something fit for deep sea diving, Civ and I had our hands dangling close together, brushing against each other. We weren't watching the movie, but rather talking about how people from the coasts never see geography from the ground. How they don't see the utter flatness of the plains as real topography, even though the mystery of that space—the ground, the roots, the soil—has such rich texture. I was starting to really like her. I was starting to fantasize about her topography.

"Hey," she said, glancing at my ass. "You're going to have to move for me. I gotta pee."

"Do you want me to leave?"

"Just look away while I go."

Since adolescence, when the intimacy of locker rooms was my only door to desire, it has turned me on to listen to women peeing. I love the snap of belts, the rustle of jeans, the way I can sense their self-consciousness or bravado. I faced the long, panoramic windows and watched the rolling scenery of Pennsylvania—unremarkable hills, the perfect asymmetry of trees. Spread-eagle against the window, I listened to her relieving herself. I heard the crinkle of the denim being drawn up, the zipper sliding closed. But then instead of latching her belt, she pulled it out of the loops. I didn't turn around, just heard the leather catch on air. We were both really quiet for a second. Then I felt the weight of her whole body against my back as she stretched the belt out around my waist and against the window, to pin me there.

"Got you," she said.

My cheek was flat against the rattling window, where outside two scrappy kids were running alongside the train and waving. "Do you think people can really see in?" she asked, when she reached one hand around to unbutton my shirt and crack it open, so the glass chilled my belly. I didn't think she wanted me to answer. She reached down to unbutton the fly of my jeans with her fingers grazing the cotton of my underwear. "I bet they can," she said. "I bet they can witness everything."

Then she pulled my jeans down quickly, so they hung halfway down my thighs.

"But you know how those backwoods perverts are," she said. "They love a lesbian show."

I felt her pressing my splayed body against the glass, trying to flatten me into a cheap porn caricature for our Pennsylvania audience.

Then she started slowly biting and kissing my neck. People who take trains know how to linger, and she took her time licking the backs of my ears. I was curling my arms in like formative wings. She wrapped the belt around them, then began cinching it to hold my arms in place, the way people used to fasten suitcases or carry schoolbooks with leather straps.

"This isn't sodomy," she said. "THIS is sodomy."

Without my hands to steady me, I felt out of control, as the train rocked and careened through Dutch country. But she worked me like an old butter churn, then licked the sweet corners of my shoulders. We passed a car lot, a backyard full of trash, a spraypainted building. She frisked my sides, moving her palms down the round edge of my breasts. We passed a gap-toothed picket fence, then an intersection with flashing lights and cars watching us. There, she turned my head and kissed me demonstra-

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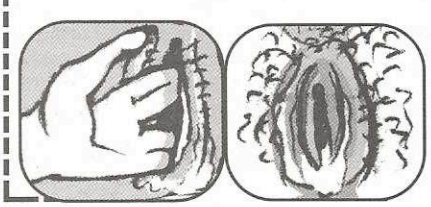

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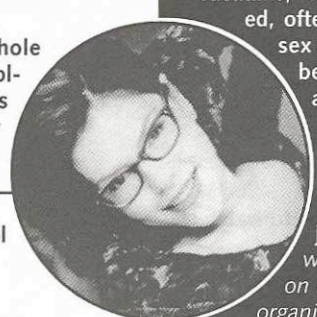
"Romeo and Juliet made me think that love is more intense before it's consummated than after. After it's consummated you have to leave town, people chase you, and you wind up dead."
Jennifer Tilly in Movieline

"The Bible contains 6 admonishments to homosexuals and 362 admonishments to heterosexuals. That doesn't mean God doesn't love heterosexuals. It's just that they need more supervision."
comedian Lynn Lavner

"Everything gone wrong with the world is family values. It's all a mistake."
Quentin Crisp

"I feel the most radical thing a woman can do is just accept her body."
Dr. Catherine Steiner-Adair of the Harvard Eating Disorder Center, in Mode



"I got a whole Hello Kitty collection [thrown onstage] when I was in Japan, including a Hello Kitty vibrator. It was a dream come true."
musician Lisa Loeb in Movieline

"I'm a frolicky pansexual sex symbol for the new millennium."
actor Alan Cumming in the Advocate

"I've slept with women. But I don't think I'm gay or straight. I think I'm just slutty."
comedian Margaret Cho

"Some women can be completely gay. I'm not one of them. When I do it, though, I like really trashy porno girls...Like porno 44DD, and they have to be really aggressive."
Courtney Love in Jane

"In Europe, the big word is tolerance. You tolerate everything. Homosexuals are riding high in the media [there]."
Pat Robertson

"Respect for modesty made women powerful. Modesty is a wonderful natural instinct that protects sexual vulnerability in the young and preserves the erotic when you're older."
Wendy Shalit, author of A Return to Modesty, *in* People

"Pornography addiction is an epidemic in this country. But the addict is just one of the many victims of pornography."
Rep. Joe Pitts of Pennsylvania, calling for a Victims of Pornography month

"There they are, in their vacuums, the egghead-ed, often pigheaded sex radicals, believing first and foremost in the rightness of their precious politicization of sex. In the name of social justice (which in this case takes the form of sexual anarchy), murder is justifiable, it seems."
writer Norah Vincent on barebacking and the organization Sex Panic!, in the Advocate

"Why would anyone want to make June Gay Pride Month? June has traditionally been the month for brides. Please don't tell me all the gays want to be brides. Lord help us all."
M.C. Dunkan in a letter to The Arkansas Democrat-Gazette

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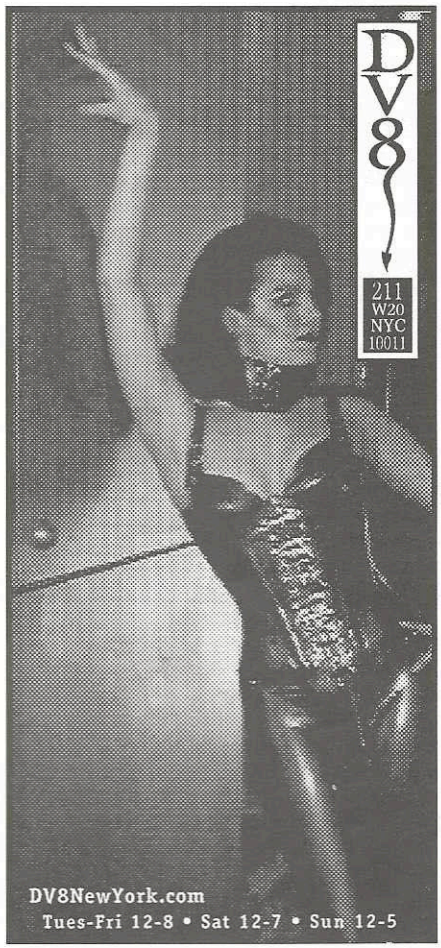

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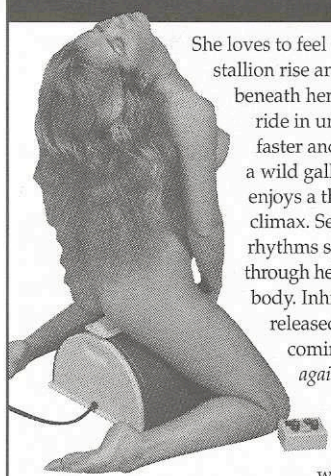
Watch Her Ride



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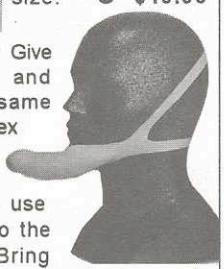

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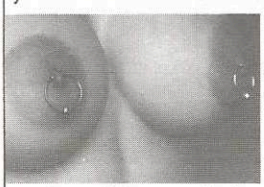

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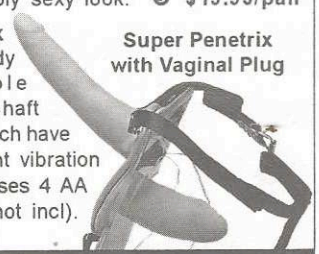

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continued from page 39

TRACKS

tively on the mouth, deeply, licking the ticklish ridges of my palate. Then at a junkyard, bright colors melting together in the sepia of the sunset, she slid one finger down the crack of my ass. When I moaned a little she said, "You have to shut the fuck up, really. We don't want to get kicked off the train."

Some migratory birds formed a V next to the train just as we passed under a tunnel tagged with bright graffiti and she slid one finger into my wet cunt. We buzzed past a rusting metal scrapyard, the train rocking like a maternal primate, and her hand began rocking too, rocking into me, one finger at a time, harder, more intensely. A sign said, "DEMOLITION" with a big picture of a crane, and her fingers pushed up into a ball, curling and pressing into me. Just then, the train gradually hummed to a stop at a station platform, and she had me pinned there with her hand squeezing up hard into me. Everybody waiting for the train in Podunk wherever, wherever we were, could see our show. I tried to turn my head away.

"Oh shit," she said, when we both noticed the gawkers. She reached around behind her for the light switch, and turned off the compartment light. Then she began pushing into me really hard, just the way I like, rocking rough and feral until I came for her, suppressing a scream and shuddering and moving my weight down onto her hand.

"Is this one of the eight states with sodomy laws?" I asked her between heavy breaths.

"This isn't sodomy," she said, but just then she slid a finger from her other hand into my waiting ass. "*This* is sodomy."

Then she began fucking my ass so exquisitely and said, "You Bible Belt Midwesterners can never get it right."

"Oh yeah," I said and gasped. "Now I remember Sodom and Gomorrah."

"Yeah," she said. "I bet you came out in a gay men's bar, just like every Illinois dyke, with the drama club fags."

"Someone once said to me, 'It's just a bundle of wood, a faggot.'"

"That's because sticks and stones...you know, but words can never hurt you," she said sardonically, losing her focus for a minute but then pressing up so hard into me I steamed half the window when I moaned.

We both knew that was all wrong, the thing about words. We both knew their injurious potential. That's why we didn't talk. That's why, later, we would use words as a form of redemption, to explain what happened. That's why I wanted her hands to speak soliloquies. That's why I loved it when she was all action. That's why she held me rough like I was a gay hustler, pressing my pretty cheek against the thick glass and pumping hard into my ass. That's why she said, her voice getting gravelly, "I bet you're good on your knees, too."

And why I got down on my knees so quickly, I can only explain one way. Women taste savory, not sweet. And I like to savor. I like the long, hard effort of a 22 hour trip before I arrive at my destination. I like to beg to be taken back home. I like the long line of indiscretions that lead up to atonement.

I propped her up on the two sterile pillows and I unzipped her jeans slowly. I kneeled between the two facing chairs and unlaced her dyke shoes, working my way back to her earthen roots, smelling my way up the rubbed-in, work-worn scents of her Levi's, and then I pulled them off. Underneath, she was wearing indigo boxer briefs, old worn cotton, and I could smell the perfect autumn spice of her cunt. I massaged her thighs with both hands and said, "Comfortable?"

I wanted her to be comfortable. We still had about 16 hours.

"Yeah," she said, stroking my head. I worked her briefs down her legs.

Just then, the train jerked forward and my face literally slammed into her cunt. I was smeared with her juice and she just whimpered with surprise. My instinct was to gasp for air, but she held my head down, like she was pushing my face into a mud puddle, making me taste the damp earth and all of its minerals and desecration. I could tell she loved how humiliated I looked.

"No cockpit," she said, smirking. "Just the long, parallel tracks."

And then I slid my tongue up the lips of her cunt, savoring the metal, savoring the glint of coal. I tasted the years of civil disobedience from loving women, from phantom dicks and amputated desire and the furrowed rows where beauty is planted. I worked my tongue up to her clit, and flicked the tip of it, then kissed and sucked on it, until I felt her thighs flinching. I worked hard with my mouth and tongue, tasting her, licking the damp wild fiddleheads of her pubes. And when I felt like she was about to come, I became the little engine that could, chuffing up a hill with so much heady affirmation.

"Do you think you can come for me?" I asked her, raising my head and licking her briefly off my lips.

"I think I can," she answered, and I just smiled and went back to work. I hoped she was repeating the little engine's mantra in her head, because I wanted to make her feel good. I wanted to fuck her all the way back to her Americana steam-engine roots. And when she finally wailed for me it had the pull of nostalgia and the sweet taste of everything familiar. Then I pushed her hard against the chair back, forcing her to kiss her own juices off my lips, so hard she knocked me away and wiped her mouth with her hand.

"You're pretty uppity for someone from a desolate little farm town," she said.

Then she stood up and turned the crank on the sleeper car bunk above us, pulling it down and latching it into place.

"Well, get up there and lie down," she ordered when she saw my uncertainty. "So, I can fuck you in Ohio. I need another pin in my map."

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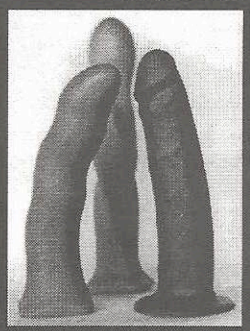

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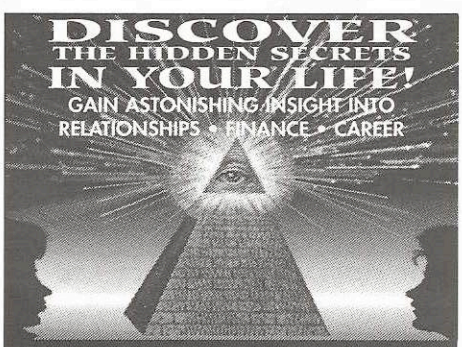

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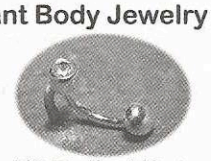

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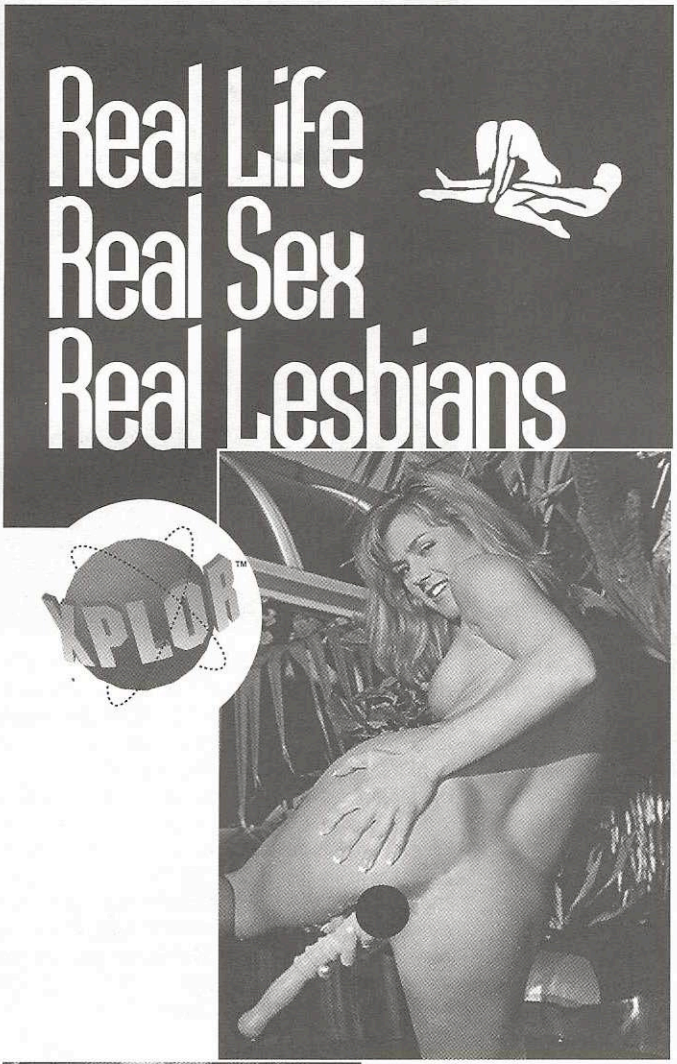

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how to
Kiss Like a Pro
by Tracy Bartlett

Kissing is a fundamental erotic art, but it seems to get neglected as such, even though kissing is often where the whole game starts. Like all erotic arts, it is a skill that can be improved upon, and your best teachers are your lovers and friends. Kissing is a whole erotic world unto itself as well as a form of sexual communication. How you kiss telegraphs information about what kind of lover you will be. Being a good kisser will make her want more. Bon appetit!

1 Let Anticipation Build.
Rushing it is the single most common mistake (meaning erotic energy reducer) that lovers make. Flirt until she's moving closer to you. Stay close until she's aching for you to kiss her (if you're not sure, ask: "I'd very much like to kiss you right now—may I?"). Kiss her softly until you feel the urgency build to kiss deeper. You get the idea.

2 Vary Techniques.
Avoid the mindset that you can't "go back" to something you've done earlier. Soft kisses complement deep, hard kisses. A particularly fabulous hand job may inspire you to kiss all her fingers in appreciation. Punctuate mouth kisses with kissing/sucking her neck, the inside bend of her elbow, behind her knees, her armpit, and so on.

3 Surprise Her.
Keep her on her toes by varying the types of kisses you deliver. For example: Most people expect a peck when parting company in public. So, every so often plant a big, wet, sloppy one on her at the bus stop. Likewise, remember to occasionally press her up against the wall, tangle your fist tightly in her hair, growl "you look good enough to eat" in her ear, then kiss her softly and dash off to work.

4 Remember Make-Out Sessions?
They are still hot! So take your date, friend, or wife to the drive-in and make out through the whole movie. Invite friends over to play spin the bottle. Hey, we're big kids now—we can do whatever we want!

5 Try Sensory Deprivation.
While kissing, try sliding your hands up over her ears so your palms form a seal to block out sound. With eyes closed, this added sensory deprivation serves to heighten the tactile sense and focus her attention so that your mouth becomes her whole world.

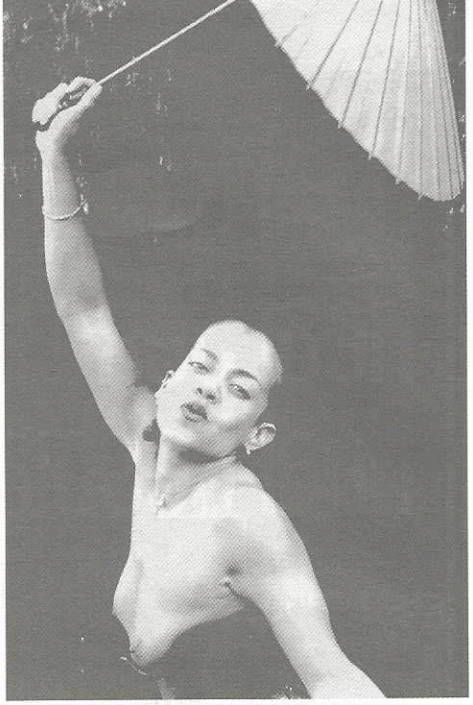
6 Use Mouth Toys.
Try kissing and passing various objects between you. Grapes and cherries work particularly well. Ice can certainly add a thrilling sensation while kissing (not to mention the places that might enjoy the caress of an icy tongue). Wine or sparkling water can be passed from one mouth to another, introducing the sensation of "drinking her in." Gravity can help with that last maneuver—position yourself slightly higher and let the wine spill from your mouth into hers.

7 Talk Sexy.
Of course I am not suggesting interspersing kisses with excerpts from a lecture on federally supported municipal bonds. But sweet compliments whispered into her mouth are very likely to be welcome. It is flattering to be observed in detail, so describe to her (in your sexiest voice) the smell of her hair, what you thought when you first saw her tonight, how hot you are for her, how you've been watching her for an hour, and what you hope to be doing with her later.

8 Weave Kissing Throughout Sex.
Make kissing a staple of lovemaking, not just a warm-up act. Kissing is appropriate anytime. After oral sex, it is a fabulous taste treat. There is a powerful intimacy involved in joining mouths and breath. Try keeping your mouths together and breathing as you get close to orgasm. Don't try to navigate tongues, just let your open mouths touch so that you're hot, panting, and your mutters of "yes...yes..." go right into each other's mouths.

9 Observe Her.
We tend to give what we want to get, so pay attention to her style and technique. Does she push her tongue deep into your throat? Does she nibble your lips? Does she kiss with her lips for a long time before using her tongue? How much pressure does she use pressing her mouth to yours?

10 Communicate.
This is, of course, as in any sexual activity, the most important skill. There is such a huge variety of desires that it is impossible to "just know" everything she likes and doesn't like.


MICHELE SERCHUK

There also needs to be room to discover new desires. Try setting aside time for kissing play that is not in the heat of passion (but could lead to that). Use that time to educate and explore. Kiss for awhile, then talk playfully, but in detail, about what you like and what you would change. Take time to tell stories that reveal erotic patterns (e.g. your first lover kissed you in the woods at summer camp, so the smell of pine is a turn-on for you). The more you practice (as with any skill), the more comfortable it will get. The more you get to know each other in this type of setting, the more knowledge you'll have when you're in the sweet thick of it.

DON'TS:

Don't assume she likes what you like. Ask. Experiment.

Don't ask sweeping questions such as "What do you like?" If talking in detail is difficult for someone, which it is for most of us, this is too overwhelming a question. Ask for responses to specific actions. ("Do you like it when I suck on your lower lip? I'll start soft and get harder; tell me when it's too hard. Do you want me to push my tongue farther into your mouth when you are more turned on?")

Don't kiss with cold sores. Keep the gift that keeps on giving to yourself, gals. Those unfortunate irritating outbreaks can become challenges to be erotically creative! Good thing we can't get them on our hands, eh?

Don't rush into using your tongue. Kissing with just lips with a soft open mouth is a delicious sensation and a strong anticipation builder. Be a tease.

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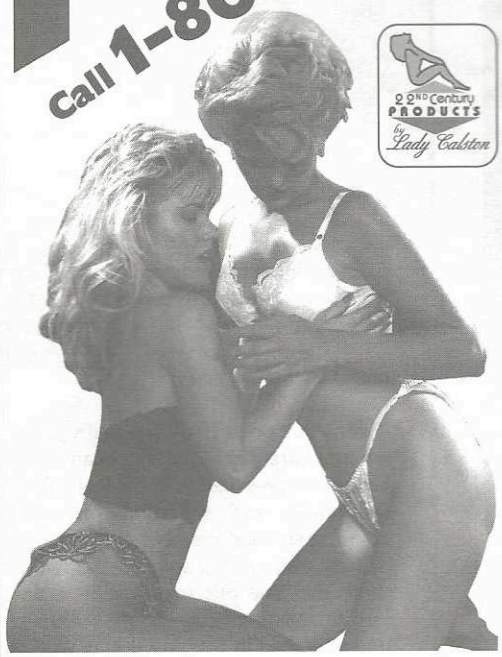

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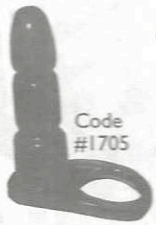

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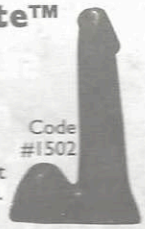

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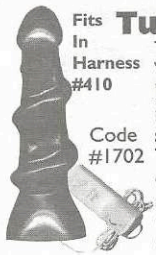

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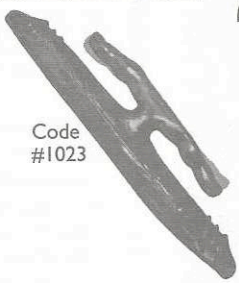

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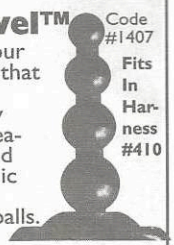

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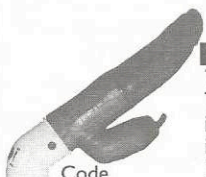

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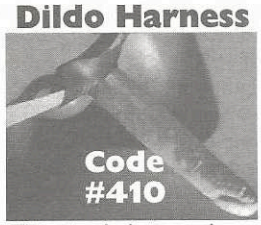

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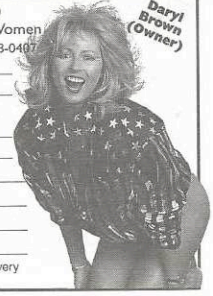

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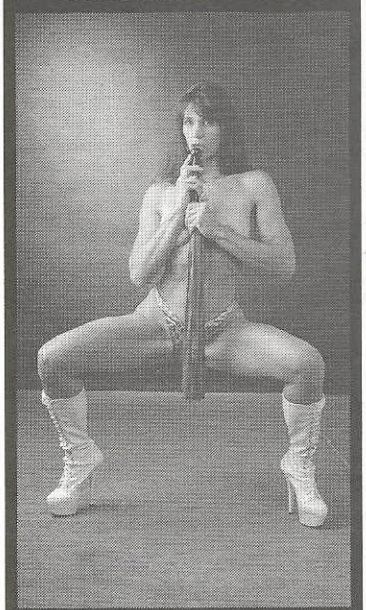

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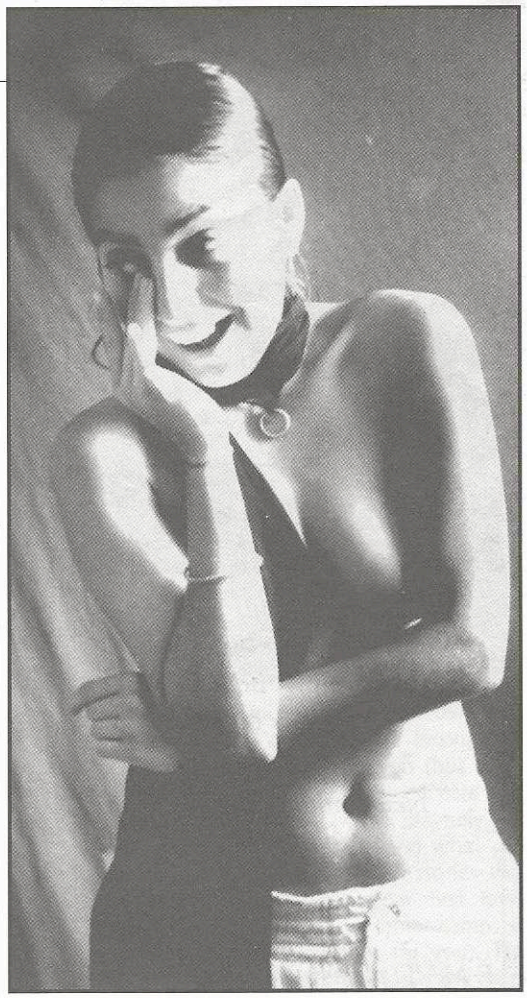

GEORGE METIVIER

A gorgeous Brazilian woman gave me a silver toe ring. We were in the steam bath together at the gym when I noticed and complimented her pretty toe ring. She smiled, took it off of her foot and placed it delicately on my toe. I only got to thank her once, personally and deeply in the locker room shower, but I still wear the ring. *Fetish Diva Midori*

I went out on a first date with an artist whom I barely knew. When I came to pick her up, I gave her flowers (call me old-fashioned), and she gave me a huge painting she had made of me–naked! She hadn't seen me naked yet, so it was sexy to think that she put so much time and effort into imagining me. Even better, she put herself naked in the artwork as well, and our bodies were drawn intertwined. It was a real turn-on. We didn't go out for very long, but I still have the painting. ***Amy***

When I was 13, "Star Gazer," who sat in back of me in French class and sometimes played with my hair (sigh...) gave all her friends gift certificates for shoulder massages from her as cheap alternative to a Christmas gift. As an afterthought (because I was standing with a group of her friends at lunch) she gave me one too (gasp!). I never did cash it in. Wonder if it has an expiration date? (Years of fantasy—a great gift!) *Dana*

I have a lover who lives in a different city. She visits me every couple of months. A week after she leaves, a pair of her unlaundered panties with a beautiful pussy juice stain in the crotch comes to me in the mail, with a little note pinned to the crotch that says, "Thinking of you." I catch her scent on them, and masturbate with them for a week. Then I launder them and send them back to her. Just before her next visit, the same pair of panties, again unlaundered and again with a gorgeous stain in the crotch, comes from her with another little note pinned to the crotch that says, "Can't wait." They again become my masturbation toy until she arrives. ***Doreen***

I was a forewoman for seed corn detasselers when I was 16. Kendra was 14 and had a big crush on me. She came to work one day with a "J" shaved in the side of her head—and my fetish for short hair was born. *Jill*

My ex-girlfriend took me out for sushi. I think sushi is a definite aphrodisiac. She had a private room all set up for us and after much sake and beer we went back to her place. She said she had a surprise for me, but that I had to be blindfolded. She slipped a bandana over my eyes, and quickly closed some handcuffs on my arms. She undressed me, taking a special slow time on removing my 44GG bra. She sucked and nibbled on my huge tits and started fingering my pussy. Then she laid me down on her big soft bed, put a ball gag in my mouth, and started buzzing my body with a powerful vibrator. She used it all over my clit and my nipples, and then she started licking my pussy while she worked her amazing hands in and out of me. I had a tremendous orgasm. She gave me the ball gag, handcuffs, and vibrator as a present, and paid for the sushi! *Candye Kane*

TELL US! **What's your secret sexual hangup?** Let us know by January 31, 2000, and we'll send you a free issue. Write **On Our Backs** 3415 César Chavéz, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; Fax 415-648-4705, e-mail onourbacks@girlfriendsmag.com

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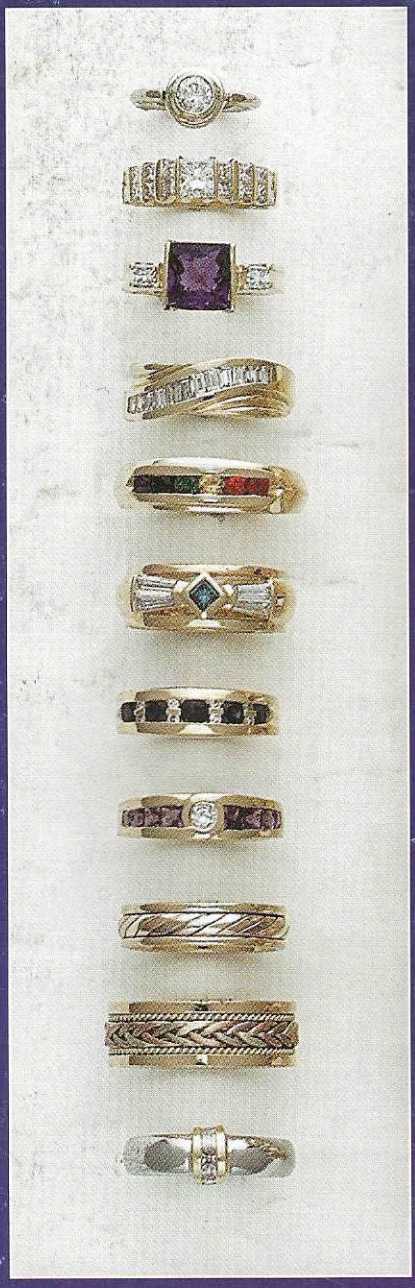

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